The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. II. NO. 5 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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CATHOLIC—DOMESTIC.

The Newark diocese claims a gain of 7,000 persons during the past year.

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The University Bulletin, Washington, makes a fine appearance with its first number. The Bulletin is full magazine size, 160 pages and it is said that the first issue is 10-000 copies.

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Among other temperance reforms which it desires to see pushed this year, the *Catholic Citizen* wants no liquor advertisements in programs of entertainments under Catholic auspices, nor in Catholic papers.

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The Boston *Pilot* in an editorial on the strength of the Catholic element in this country, says "there are enough of us, if we were worthy of the name, to convert our own country, and every heathen land as well."

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The fact leaked out in one of the Eastern cities last week that the Young Men's Christian Association bars from holding any of its offices Catholics, Jews, Unitarians, and Universalists. As far as Catholics are concerned the information is of no importance, for Catholics do not seek membership in the Association. The exclusion of Universalists, Jews and Unitarians seems to entitle the Y. M. C. A., however, to claim kinship with the proscriptive A. P. A.—*Catholic Columbian.*

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President Schurman of the Cornell University has been saying some strong things in favor of religious education. Secular education will, he predicts, end thus: "What the abstract sense of obligation, divorced from piety, is likely to become, has been told us by the prophet of the new era of natural as contrasted with supernatural morality. The pure sense of duty, Mr. Herbert Spencer declares, will decline with the progress of revolution and ultimately disappear."

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The *Occidental*, the organ of the Presbyterians in this city, reproduces the following in its issue of the 24th of January: "The Duke of Wellington said that education without religion would surround us with clever devils."

Exactly, but the Roman Catholic Church said the same, thing in other words, many certuries before the Duke of Wellington was born and it is saying the same thing, in other words, still.

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A common criticism directed against the Catholic Church by persons who know nothing of her methods, charges her with exacting blind obedience from all who belong to her pale. This assertion is often made in a particular manner of religious orders. How groundless it is can be judged from that paragraph in his late pastoral letter wherein His Grace Archbishop Elder says that "if the authorities of a religious order should trangress their lawful power, the humblest lay brother, or the simplest sister has a right of appeal and redress." ---*Catholic Columbian.*

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At a meeting of the Sunset Club in Chicago, last Thursday, the subject of discussion was "The Church of the Future." C. C. Bonney, president of the parliament of religions at the World's Fair, presided. H. L. Smith, a prominent Protestant, surprised his hearers by predicting that the church of the future would be the Catholic Church. The church of the future would be due to organization. The Catholic Church he said would overcome the broken disorganized sects of Protestanism as easily as the regular army would defeat a mob of strikers. Independence of religion was chaos in religion. Let each man be his own pope and you have religious anarchy, which is the same thing as sectarianism. Catholicism and agnosticism would divide the twentieth century between them.

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The New York *Sun* gives an interesting accont of a private interview which lasted for over an hour, which Col. George Bliss, of New York, had with His Holiness, the Pope. Among other things the Holy Father is reported to have especially expressed his gratification of the progress of Catholicity in America, and at the liberality of American Catholics. When told that he was respected not only by Catholics but by Protestants, he seemed pleased, but said he had done nothing more than his duty, and had only, so far as America was concerned, acted out the feelings of his own heart.

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On the debate on the Indian appropriations bill in Congress, Mr. Grosvenor denounced the misrepresentations of the A. P. A.'s, and, as our exchange says, "then won a round of applause by saying that although he came from Puritan New England stock who had always been Protestants, he had always opposed combination of Church and State, and had never been so hard pressed that he was forced to make war on any man because he did ,or did not make certain religious, professions. If the time ever comes," said he, "when I must make such a war to be popular or to be successful, I will go out of politics of my own motion."

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The Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen of Bay City, Michigan, have joined together in union to promote Christian unity and tolerance. At a meeting held recently in the rectory of St. James' Church, attended by nine Protestant clergymen and five Catholic priests, the following platform was adopted:

1. The aim of this meeting is to instill into every Christian the necessity of mutual respect and love among the members of the mystical body of Christ.

2. The means to attain this end are of two kinds: (1) Fraternal meetings of the ministers of the different churches with a view to becoming better acquainted, (2) public lectures on "Christian Unity," and kindred subjects, said lecture to be delivered alternately by priest and minister.

3. It must be well understood that the presence of a minister or priest at one of our meetings does not in the least affect his distinctive religious principles.

The platform was signed by all present.

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A new check swindle for defrauding Catholic priests has been in operation lately, but its operators were caught in Erie, Pa. Post Office Inspector Salmon made the arrests. Two men were engaged in the scheme. One would write a letter to a Catholic priest, representing himself as an aged philanthropist and devout Catholic, bespeaking the good offices of the priest in the interest of a "worthy young man," who was en route to New York, where he had secured a situation in a large publishing house. The letter would contain a check for $20, with the explanation that the young man would stop over and call on the priest, who would confer a great favor on the philanthropist and the worthy young man by cashing the check.

No sooner would the letter be delivered to the priest than the young man would arrive, and in every case the money was forthcoming. Priests in Peoria, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville and many other cities were victimized, Cincinnati making the largest contributions.

FROM AND ABOUT IRELAND.

O'Donovan Rossa is, it is said, going to England to lecture.

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John Redmond, M. P., and his eleven followers will, it is again said, vote against the Government.

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Some practical joker dropped a package labled "dynamite" into the receival box of the Dublin post-office.

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Right Rev. Tobias Kirby, rector of the Irish college in Rome, is dead. He was born in the diocese of Waterford 1829.

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In case Mr. Morley resigns his position, which it is thought he will, it is expected he will lead the House of Commons. James Bryce, M. P., has been spoken of as one fitted to fill the place.

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The great Conservative success at the Everham district of Worcestershire has had a bad effect in Ireland. The Conservatives had 595 votes more than they polled at general election in '92.

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Of the $25,000 set apart by the Royal Dublin Society for encouraging improvement in the breed of farmers' horses in Ireland in '95, $700 has been allocated to Tipperary county, and $500 each to Waterford and Kilkenny counties.

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Keir Hardie, M. P., the Socialistic leader in England has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the new labor movement in Great Britain. In it he says that the Great Nationalists are the "most virulent opponents" of the movement.

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The literary world is promised a highly interesting biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Many unpublished treasures of the great Irish author have, it is said, been discovered. Sheridan was the great-grand-uncle of the present Lord Dufferin.

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Rev. Edward Hogan, S. J., has a book in publication treating on the old Irish proverbs. Many of them are taken from the ancient manuscripts. This book, the outcome of long and diligent study and research, will be a valuable addition to Irish literature.

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The landlords of the north are much alarmed over the alliance between the Protestant and Catholic farmers of Ulster in favor of Mr. Morley's proposed measures of land reform. Since our last issue manifestations of this alarm have been published in the Irish papers.

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Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., the author of "God Save Ireland," who was recently lecturing in this country, has arrived in London. He hurried home in order to be present at the opening of Parliament. Every vote counts now, owing to the smallness of governmental majority.

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Mr. Swift McNeill, M. P., in a letter to one of the Irish papers, writes feelingly of the distress that is prevailing in some parts of Donegal. This sad state of affairs has been brought about by the partial failure of the crops in that region, and the excessive rents exacted from the inhabitants.

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The late James Anthony Froude was a bitter enemy of the Irish race but the truth was so much stronger than his prejudice that he had to write this tribute: "Ireland is one of the poorest countries of Europe. There is less theft there, less cheating, less robbery of all sorts, than in any other country of the same size in the world. For this absence of vulgar crime and the unexceptionable delicacy and modesty of character of its women, everlasting honor is due to the Catholic clergy." Yes, what makes the Irish patient and pure is their religion.—Exchange.

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Rev. Father Powers writes to the Tipperary *Nationalist* to acknowledge the receipt of $500 from Lady Margaret Charteris, a Protestant, for the restoration of the Cahir Catholic Church. The donation was given unsolicited. The Right Hon. Colonel Gough (14th Hussars) also gave $25 towards the comfort of the poor of Father Power's flock.

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The following is from the Glasgow (Scotland) *Observer* of a recent date: "One of the recently chosen J. P.'s in North Monaghan is Patrick McKenna, blacksmith, Deragola, Carrickroe. For 300 years there was not a Catholic magistrate in Emyvale, County Monaghan, the old home of the McKennas. The population is almost entirely Catholic."

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A cablegram from Dublin, dated 23rd January says:—Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., has written a letter to "The Freeman's Journal," stating that a famine is threatened in the west of Ireland. He declares that the situation there is already more serious than it was in 1891, when Chief Secretary Balfour expended $5,000,000 from the British treasury to relive the suffering of the people of that region.

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Here is a piece of Grand Jury work in Ireland. The Board of the Clonmel Lunatic Asylum is composed of 22 members. Of these four are nominated by the Grand Jury of the North Riding and seven by that of the South Riding. These 11 are all of the "right sort"—Protestant anti-Home rulers. Of the other 11 nominated by the Lord Lieutenant last year 10 were Catholics, this of course being rendered necessary having regard to the partial selection made by the Grand Juries nominated under the existing Grand Jury laws by the sheriff to rule the county. How different from this model of Tory "equality"(?) was the action of that truly representative body, the Clonmel Corporation, ~~in their nominations~~ to the local School Board, where the members were fairly selected from both denominations! Grand Jury rule is rabid to the last kick. But the much-needed change is coming surely, even if slowly.—The Tipperary Nationalist.

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Mr. Henry Irving, responding to the address, the lord mayor's speech and the other features of a demonstration unparalleled in the history of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, last month, among other things said: "Throughout my own working life the quick and subtle sympathy of your race has been to me both an incentive and a reward. Now that your university has accepted me to the brotherhood of her sons, and when your city and your nation have taken me to your hearts, I feel that the cup of a player's honor is full to the brim. The sweetness of your greeting to Miss Helen Terry is worthy of the chivalrous natures and honest lips of the countrymen of Burke and Grattan, of Sheridan, Shiel and Moore. Her many friends throughout the world will read with glad eyes so generous a commendation from the true hearts of Irish gentlemen. She herself is grateful beyond the power of expression, and asks you to accept in default of words the mute thanks of an overwhelming emotion. The wholehearted generosity of your words—representing as you do every class and section, every interest and endeavor—make for me and mine this document with its distinguished roll of names, an heirloom beyond all price.

CATHOLIC—FOREIGN.

President Faure has been congratulated by the Pope's Nuncio in Paris.

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The Catholic Directory for 1895, gives to Great Britain 2,977 priests, with 1,763 churches, chapels and stations.

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Just 52 per cent of the population of Hungary are Roman Catholics and a little over 20 per cent are Protestants.

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The estate of Sir John Thompson the late Premier of Canada amounts to only $1,500. He was an ideal Catholic politician.

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The director of Ethnological and Zoological Museum at Leydon has become a Catholic, As a scientist he has a world-wide reputation.

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Another priest of the Church of England, a nephew of the Protestant bishop, Bazil Jones, of St. David's, "has gone over to Rome."

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Father Schleyer, of Constance, in Baden, the discoverer or founder of Volapuk, the "world language," has been made a monsignor by the Pope.

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Princess Marie Swartzenburg, of Vienna, the younger daughter of that ancient and noble family, has completed her novitiate and taken the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

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The King of Italy has, it is said, deposited $30,000,000 with the London Rothschilds as a reserve fund in the event of his being obliged to leave Rome. The position of the Vatican becomes stronger every day.

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Dr. Lappont, the Pope's physician, told Dr. Eyrie, the Roman correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*, that the Pope was in excellent health, and that there was no reason why he should not live for many years.

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The Most Rev. Matthew Raush, of Rome, Father-General and Rector-Major of the Redemptorist Order, is on his way to this country from Rome. It is his intention to visit all the Redemptorist houses in the United State and Canada.

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The Catholic government in Belgium has prohibited Sunday labor in Belgium, except by Royal decree, when such labor is indispensable. It has also limited the hours of labor, and in many other ways proved itself the friend of toil.

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Rev. Thomas A. Hughes, S. J., one of the most learned members of his order, has been called to Rome to work at the examination of the archives of the Vatican library. Father Hughes was attached to the Missouri province of the Jesuits.

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Lord Aberdeen, Viceroy of Canada, accompanied by his wife. paid a visit to the Convent of "Our Lady of Charity, the Good Shepherd" in Montreal recently and they spoke touchingly of the devotion of the good nuns to the poor.

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The Roman correspondent of the London daily *Chronicle* says that fourteen Catholic priests have been arrested in Warsaw, Russian Poland, and that the Pope has requested an explanation from M. Izvolsky, Russian Minister to the Vatican.

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From Portugese South Arfica, where the Jesuit and Dominican fathers have been teaching the natives trades, an English resident reports: "The goldsmiths' work at Tete would do credit to the best workmen in England or elsewhere. The delicate design of some of the jewelry is marvellous. Equally clever are the carpenters in making boats and turning out furniture. We have seen doors and windows which equalled our European importations. The natives understand the tanning of leather. Tailors abound, and so do washermen. Pottery work has reached a state of excellency not dreamed of in our midst.

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"Ex-Attache," writing to the New York *Tribune*, says that if the Queen is liberal-minded it is owing to the broad and tolerant teachings of the late Dean Stanley, who was for so many years her principal chaplain, as well as her adviser in matters ecclesiastical,

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It now appears that Miss Gladstone, a sister of the ex-premier, died an old Catholic. So we learn from a letter written by Mr. Gladstone on October 6, 1894, and which has just been published. It was heretofore thought that Miss Gladstone died a Roman Catholic.

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Father Althoff, of Juneau, the only secular priest in Alaska, will after the first of February move to Victoria, B. C., to which diocese he belongs. This change is due to erecting Alaska into a Vicarite Apostolic, with Father Tosi, S. J. as its first Vicar Apostolic.

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The fact that Italian immigration for 1894 was four times as great as for the entire ten years between 1860 and 1870 gives rise to suspicion that Italy of the free institutions, the Masonic government and the godless schools is not what she was cracked up to be.—Exchange.

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A pretty story of Canada's dead statesman is told by the Catholic Record of London, Ontario. Shortly after joining the government of Premier MacDonald, Sir John Thompson was to make his first great speech in the Canadian Parliament. His opponent was the eloquent Edward Blake, and naturally Thompson was nervous about the issue. His first thought was to secure the prayers of his eldest child who was a weekly communicant; but it was too late to send a letter to Halifax, and the message could hardly be forwarded by telegraph. He resigned himself to prayer and waiting, and his astonishment may be imagined when, after a triumphant reply to Mr. Blake, he received a note from his daughter, saying that having accidently learned of the important speech he was to make, she had received Holy Communion and prayed for his success. This speech was the beginning of Sir John's greatness and he always attributed its success to prayer.

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There is no permanent theatre in the city of Quebec. The Archbishop has not "ordered," but he has advised the Catholics of that city on the subject of theatres as follows:

"I cannot do otherwise than say that with what profound sorrow I would see a permanent theatre in Quebec. I would look upon it as a misfortune from a moral and material point of view. The people would become accustomed to an amusement which they could not do without. A new longing would be created for luxury, a ficititious existence, and an increase of useless expense. They would soon shadow those intimate home gatherings where all rest after a day's work, without danger to morals, without affecting their purse, and family ties are strengthened thereby for the greatest benefit of all. The Catholic Church, with great reason, looks upon the modern stage, generally, as being full of danger, and it warns the faithful agaiust plays that are deemed inoffensive by a certain class of the public."

POPE LEO'S ENCYCLICAL.

The Long Expected Document Arrives.

ADVICE TO THE BISHOPS.

The Position of the Papal Delegate to This Country Is Strengthened.

[By Associated Press.]

His Excellency Mgr. Satolli on Monday made public the long expected encyclical from the Pope. The most important features relate to the American delegate and his relations to the hierarchy in this country and also define the Pope's attitude concerning societies of workingmen. The letter begins as follows:

To our venerable brethen, the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States of North America—Leo XIII., Pope.

Venerable brethren: Health and apostolic benediction. We traverse in spirit and in thought the wide expanse of ocean, and although we have at other times addressed you in writing, chiefly when we directed encyclical letters to the Bishops of the Catholic world, yet have we now resolved to address you separately, trusting that we shall be, God willing, of some assistance to the Catholic cause among you. To this we apply ourselves with the utmost zeal and care, because we highly esteem and love exceedingly the young and vigorous American nation, in which we plainly discern latent forces for the advancement alike of civiliza- and Christianity.

The encyclical then refers to the interest felt by the Pope in the recent American celebration of the discovery of America, and says:

The barks of Columbus carried not only the germs of mighty states, but the principles of religion into remote regions beyond the seas. The first solicitude of Columbus was to plant the sacred emblem of the cross wherever he disembarked. The very names given to American towns and rivers and mountains and lakes teach how the beginning was marked with the footprints of the Catholic Church.

The Pope refers to the fact that the first Bishop set by apostolic authority over the American church began his labors when the great Washington was at the helm of the young republic. The well known familiar intercourse between these two men seem to be an evidence that the United States ought to be conjoined in concord and amity with the Catholic Church.

"And not without cause," continues the encyclical, "for without morality the state can never endure--a truth which that illustrious citizen of yours whom we have just mentioned, with a keenness of insight worthy of his genius and statesmanship, perceived and proclaimed."

The giant strides by which the public is progressing is set forth, and satisfaction is expressed that Catholicism keeps pace with the progress. The extension of the clergy and the establishment of pious societies, parochial schools and mutual aid associations are practically commended. But, while it is true that the church has progressed under the republic, yet it would be erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the most desirable of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for state and church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced.

The Pope then sets forth the efforts he has made to leave nothing undone to preserve and solidly establish the Catholic religion in America. To that end two special objects have received attention—first, the advancement of learning; second, the perfecting of methods in the management of church affairs. The first end led to the establishment under apostolic authority of the Catholic University at Washington. It is urged that education cannot be complete which takes no notice of modern science. In the keen competition of thought, Catholics ought not to be followers, but leaders. The success of the university in uniting faith with learning is dwelt upon, and special mention is made of the generosity of that pious priest for permitting the building of a hall of science and literature bearing his name (McMahon).

The Pope also refers to the beneficial results accruing from the third plenary council at Baltimore. The vital portion of the encyclical concerning Mgrs. Satolli is as follows:

When the council of Baltimore concluded its labors, the duty still remained of putting, so to speak, a proper and becoming crown upon the work. This, we perceived, could be done in no more fitting manner than through the due establishment by the Apostolic See of the American legation Accordingly you are aware wehavedone this. By this action, as we have elsewhere intimated, we have wished, first of all, to certify that in our judgment and affection America occupies the same place and rights as other states, be they ever so mighty and imperial. In addition to this we had in mind to draw more closely the bonds of duty and friendship which connect you and so many thousands of Catholics with the Apostolic See. In fact, the mass of the Catholics understood how salutary our action was destined to be; they saw, moreover, that it accorded with the usages and policy of the Apostolic See. For it has, from the earliest times been the custom of the Roman Pontiffs in the exercise of the divinely bestowed gift of primacy in the administration of the church of Christ to send forth legates to Christian nations and peoples. And they did this, not by an adventitious but an inherent right, for the Roman Pontiff, on whom Christ has conferred ordinary and immediate jurisdiction, as well over all and singular the pastors and faithful, and since he cannot personally visit the different regions and thus exercise the pastoral office over the flock entrusted to him, he finds it necessary, from time to time, in the discharge of the ministry imposed upon him, to dispatch legates into different parts of the world, according to the needs, who may correct errors, make true ways plain and administer to the people confided to their care increased means of salvation.

But how unjust and baseless would be the suspicion, could it anywhere exist, that the powers conferred on the legate are an obstacle to the authority of the Bishops. Sacred to us (more than other) are the rights of those whom the Holy Ghost has chosen as Bishops to rule the Church of God. That these rights should remain in every nation, in every part of the globe, we both desire and ought to desire, the more so since the dignity of the individual Bishop is by nature an interwoven dignity of the Roman Pontiff, and any measure which benefits the one necessarily protects the other. My honor is the honor of the universal church. My honor is the unimpaired vigor of my brethren. Then I am truly honored when to each one due honor is not denied. Therefore, since it is the office and function of an apostolic delegate with whatever powers he be vested to execute the mandates and interpret the will of the Pontiff who sends him, far from his being of any detriment to the ordinary power of the Bishops, he will rather bring an accession of stability and strength, his authority will possess no slight weight for preserving in the multitude a submissive spirit, in the clergy discipline and due reverence for the Bishops, and in the Bishops mutual charity and an intimate union of souls. And since this union, so salutary, consists mainly in harmony of thought and action, he will no doubt bring it to pass that each one of you shall persevere in the dilligent administration of the diocesan affairs; that one shall not impede another in matters of government; that one shall not pry into the councils and conduct of another; finally, that with disagreements eradicated and esteem maintained you may all work together with combined energies to promote the glory of the American church and the general welfare.

It is difficult to estimate the good result which will follow from this action of the Bishops. Our own people will receive edification and the force of example will have its effect on those without, who will be persuaded by this argument alone that divine apostolate has descended by inheritance to the ranks of the Catholic episcopate.

Another consideration claims our earnest attention. All intelligent men are agreed, and we ourselves have with pleasure intimated it above, that America seemed destined for greater things. Now it is our wish that the Catholic Church should not only share in but help bring about this prospective greatness. We deem it right and proper that she should, by availing herself of the opportunities daily presented to her, keep equal step with the republic in the march of improvement, at the same time by striving to the utmost by her virtue and her institutions to aid in the rapid growth of the state. Now she will obtain both these objects more easily and abundantly in proportion to the degree in which the future shall find her constitution perfected. But what is the meaning of the legation of which we are speaking or what is its ultimate aim, except to bring it about that the constitution of the Church shall be strengthened, her discipline better fortified!

Wherefore, we ardently desire that this truth should sink day by day more deeply into the mind of Catholics, namely, that they can in no better way safeguard their individual interests and the community than by yielding a hearty submission and obedience to the church.

This closes the reference to the American legation, and the Pope proceeds to discuss the dissolubility of marriage. The encyclical then refers to the indissolubility of marriage and the deadly pest of divorce. The evils of divorce are forcibly stated and the Pope declares that divorce is as hostile to the state as to the family. As regards civil affairs, it is urged that justice be cultivated and the laws of the gospel inculcated, without which liberty itself may be pernicious. The value of temperance, the frequent use of Sacraments and the observance of the just laws and institutions of the republic are also enjoined.

Of Catholics entering societies of workingmen, the encyclical says:

Now with regard to entering societies, extreme care should be taken not to be ensnared by error. And we wish to be understood as referring in a special manner to the working classes, who assuredly have the right to unite in associations for the promotion of their interests; a right acknowledged by the church and unopposed by nature. But it is very important with whom they are to associate, else while seeking aims for the improvement of their condition they may be imperiling far weightier interests. The most effectual precaution against this peril is to determine with themselves at no time or in any manner to be parties to the the violation of justice. Any society, therefore, that is ruled by persons not steadfast for the right and friendly to religion, is capable of being extremely prejudicial to the interests as well of individuals as to the community, beneficial it cannot be. Let this conclusion therefore remain firm—to shun not only these associations which have been openly condemned by the judgment of the Church, but also those which in the opinion of intelligent men, especially of the Bishops, are regarded as suspicious and dangerous.

Nay, rather, unless forced by necessity to do otherwise, Catholics ought to prefer to associate with Catholics, a course which will be very conducive to the safeguarding of their faith. As presidents of the societies thus formed among themselves it would be well to appoint either priests or upright laymen of weight and character, guided by whose counsel they should endeavor to peacefully adopt and carry into effect such measures as may seem most advantageous to their interests, keeping in view the rules laid down by us in our encyclical, Rerum Novarum. Let them, however, never allow this to escape their memory; that while it is proper and desirable to assert and secure the rights of the many, yet this is not to be done by a violation of duty and that these are very important duties; not to touch what belongs to another; allow every one to be free in the management of his own affairs; nor hinder any one to dispose of his services when he pleases and where he pleases. The scenes of violation and riot which you witnessed last year in your own country were sufficient to admonish you that America, too, is threatened with the audacity and ferocity of the enemies of public order. The state of the times, therefore, bids Catholics to labor for the tranquility of the commonweath, and for this purpose to obey the laws, abhor violence and seek no more than equity or justice permits.

Mother Katharine Drexel's Great Undertaking.

There are between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 negroes in the United States alone, and untold numbers in Africa, and there are 250,000 Indians in the United States. No work for our Lord was being done for them in a really practical way, and Mother Katharine felt continually drawn to it, until she finally decided upon founding a work of some kind. The Order of the Blessed Sacrament for the Indian and Negro Races is the result. It is, of course, a new order, and not in any way an offspring or a modification of any other order.

The community already numbers sixty-three, including those at Santa Fe, where she has established her first, and, as yet, her only mission. There are 28 professed Sisters, wearing the black veil, 35 novices and 10 postulants. She has 9 professed Sisters with her. There are Choir Sisters and House Sisters.

When called for the Order will go forth in bands to establish missions, and found convents wherever Indians or negroes are found on the wide earth. Their object is to bring the Indian and negro to the highest life possible to them. It is a supernatural work, and one full of interest and comfort to those engaged in it. "We love them, too. We cannot help it," said Mother Mary James, with whom Mother Katharine left me when called away upon business. And she said it, too, in tones which carried conviction with them.

At St. Elizabeth's there are now about 165 negro charges, both girls and boys. There are 100 girls, ranging in age from 2 years old to 18, and there are 65 boys from 2 years to 11 and 12 years. They are housed in "Holy Province," a large, handsome and commodious building, connected with the convent building by covered arched passage way. They are cared for in every way, have each day half a days regular schooling in classes and half a day's instruction in industrial pursuits. At the Santa Fe mission the same order of routine is carried out with the Indians who are sheltered there. These are full-blooded Indians in every case, 30 in number, and of different tribes. There are more boys than girls, and their ages range from 5 to 18 years. The boys are taught carpentering, shoemaking, etc. —Philadelphia Standard

Touchstone of Catholicity.

There are certain novels, such as Thackeray's "Henry Esmonde," and certain other books like Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" which are termed "touchstones of Culture," says the Catholic Citizen. This means that to appreciate and enjoy such books, denotes culture in the reader.

Is there a touchstone of Catholicity! Undoubtedly there is. To take an interest in the topics discussed in the Catholic papers is the best recognizable touchstone of Catholicity.

The Catholic family which prefers the flash story paper; the adult man who finds everything insipid except the politics; the criminal column or the sporting news of the daily: or the more pretentious Catholic homes, in which the delicate wordliness of Life and Vogue finds favor with the young people, and with whom the Catholic paper and its topics are dull and tame; —all these do not stand the test of Catholicity. The touchstone of Catholicity is applied and they are found wanting.—Exchange.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickle, sivver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelry house of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and $2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickle watch, suitable in size or either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by $6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successfuj canvasers.

And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by $12.50, a gem of a time-piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single subscricers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, we will present a handsome illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

AN ECCENTRIC PAINTER.

Turner's Studio and Methods a Curiosity to Visitors.

Broderip and Sir Richard Owen, says the latter in his "Reminiscences," walked together to Turner's residence, which was slightly dingy in outward appearance. When they arrived at the door, they waited some time before their ring at the bell was answered. At last an elderly person opened the door a few inches and asked them suspiciously what they wanted. They replied that they wished to see Mr. Turner. The door was immediately shut in their faces, but after a time the person came back to say that they might enter. When they got into the hall, she showed them into a room and forthwith shut the door upon them. They then discovered, with some dismay, that this apartment was in total darkness, with the blinds down and the shutters up. After a prolonged interval they were told they might go up stairs. Upon arriving at the topmost story they perceived Turner standing before several easels and taking his colors from a circular table which he swung around to get at the paints he required. He was painting several pictures at once, passing on from one to the other and applying to each in its turn the particular color he was using till it was exhausted.

After showing them all that there was to be seen Turner vouchsafed the explanation of the treatment which they experienced upon entering the house. He said that the bright light outside would have spoiled their eyes for properly appreciating the pictures, and that to see them to advantage an interval of darkness was necessary. At this stage of the interview Broderip had to leave for some engagement, and then an event took place which Owen declares that none of his artist friends would ever believe. Turner offered him a glass of wine. It was while they were coming down stairs that he first discovered the symptoms of an inward struggle going on in Turner's bosom. When they were passing a little cupboard on the landing, this struggle reached a climax. Finally Turner said, "Will you—will you have a glass of wine?" This offer having been accepted, after a good deal of groping in the cupboard a decanter was produced, of which the original stopper had been replaced by the cork, with the remains of some sherry at the bottom. This Owen duly consumed and shortly afterward took his leave, with many expressions of the pleasure this visit had afforded him and a disturbing conviction that the sherry might lurk indefinitely in his system.

FEAR AS A CAUSE OF DEATH.

The Imagination a Potent Factor In Acquiring a Fatal Disease.

"Of the whole number of persons supposed to die of disease," said a prominent physician the other day, "I should say that at least 50 per cent are really carried away by fear. Were it not for this element mortality would be far less than it is."

In support of his statement he cited various cases where the element of fear had entered largely in as a potent factor to persuade people that their time had come. Presentiments, prophecies, premonitions and general nervousness all played their part. Some years ago four criminals, condemned in Russia to die, were taken to a house and shown several beds, in which, they were told, a number of cholera patients had died. In fact, the beds were new, never having been slept in. The criminals were informed that they would be set at liberty if they would undergo the ordeal of sleeping several nights in the beds. From the prisoners' point of view it was a possible though desperate chance of escape. They one and all decided to take the chances. At the end of the time prescribed two were uninjured and went free, but the others developed all the symptoms and died of Asiatic cholera.

Two physicians determined to take advantage of the impressionable mind of a female patient and prove a theory for the benefit of science. The lady had complained of an itching on her back. She was told that a blister would be applied. Instead a common postage stamp was applied, and, so runs the chronicle, performed all the offices of the plaster which was not there.

A college professor was once the subject of a practical joke at the hands of the students. They met him one after another, and each successively inquired after his health, saying that he looked ill. He took to his bed, a physician was called, and for days the professor imagined he was ill.—New York World.

Refined Cruelty In France.

The humanitarian lady who will not wear birds in her bonnet or eat flesh meat or permit down pillows to soften her lot in life should turn her attention to a refined cruelty that is at the moment a vogue in certain districts in France. For the manufacture of a certain superfine cloth called zibeline rabbits are plucked alive, and the long fur thus obtained is woven into the aforesaid texture. A particular breed of rabbits is only suitable, and these hapless creatures are carefully tended after the plucking process until their fur grows again. The thing is inexcusably cruel, and no woman would surely encourage the sale or manufacture of such cloth if her heart, not to say sensibility, is in the right place.—Chicago Post.

A Poison Bottle.

A new style of bottle for poisons that is described by The Lancet has the neck on one side and is of such a shape that it will not stand up. Lying on a table, the word poison and the label would always be in view, and by reason of its peculiar form it would not be mistaken for the ordinary bottle.

Dozens of cows' heads in terra cotta, bronze, gold and silver were found at Mycenæ. They are believed to be the symbol of the goddess of the city.

Pocomoke, the designation of a Maryland stream, means "broken by islands."

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Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

ALAMEDA LEADS.

Other Cities and Towns are Getting Ready to Enter.

There has been but little change in the relative standing of the different churches so far designated by their parishioneer as possible recipients of the handsome ostensorium to be soon presented by this paper. Alameda still retains first place by a comfortable margin.

Red Bluff is a new aspirant, and comes into the field with a record of sixty points. This town promises to be a dangerous competitor, as the people in that mountain city are very energetic workers, especially in church matters.

After the mission in Berkeley is ended the people there are going to take hold of the matter in due earnest. A number of ladies have taken the matter in hand, and they are going to get the Ostensorium if they possibly can.

Virginia City is still being heard from, and will no doubt, soon leave its present position near the end and jump way up to the front. It is now in the seventh place, but will not be there long.

If any one is not fully advised as to the conditions imposed, extra copies will be sent as requested, so that you may leave them with your friends.

Returning to the subject of articles for church use, our first offer is to present a

HANDSOME OSTENSORIUM

to the church or chapel which shall be designated by our subscribers. In this and subseqent issues a blank will be printed on which each subscriber will be entitled to designate his choice, and for those who wish to increase their efforts by securing new subscribers, extra special blanks will be provided on which will be recorded their choice, as follows:

For one year's ubscripton	75	60 points
For six months' "	78	30 points
For four months	50	20 points
For two months	26	10 points

As these names are received the points will be credited, and the tickets deposited in a sealed box, out of which they will be taken in the presence of a committee, when the date of receiving the last subscriber under the offer shall be announced.

It may be surmised that under this plan, in consequence of the disparity in number of parishioners, or members of different churches, those having the greatest number will secure the ostensorium. In order to overcome this difference in membership the proportional plan will be followed. A careful estimate of the average number in each Catholic body working to secure the ostensorium will be made, and the one securing the largest proportion of the points received will, under the terms of this offer, be entitled to the award.

It would hardly be fair to pursue any other course, for in many country parishes every one might designate their own church, and yet not number over fifty, while in a parish with five or six hundred members, only one hundred might express their preference. Justice would, therefore, demand that the smaller place should receive the award. While the term parish or church is used principally throughout this article, any society or sodality, having a chapel devoted to their use entitled to the same privileges as a church.

For the benefit of our readers we have placed the Ostensenrium on exhibition in the window of A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. For those who may not be able to see the beautiful present, awaiting an owner, the following description is appended:

The Ostensorium stands 26 inches high and is of most elaborate workmanship; rich chasing, mounted with jewels, including a row of brilliants around Luna.

The following is the standing of the different churches at noon Friday.

Alameda	238 points
Gilroy	62 points
Red Bluff	60 points
Stockton	54 points
St. Patricks, San Jose	44 points
St. James, S.F.	16 points
Virginia City	13 points
Berkeley	nts

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Mail or bring to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC,

Room 10 Montgomery Block.

San Francisco. [No. 3.]

History of the A. O. H.

We are assured that the A. O. H. must have been in existence during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though it may have elapsed to a considerable extent during the reign of James II., and have been revived after Sarsfield's gallent sortie at Bailyneety, and the glorious defense of Limerick. * * * * Today, and for many years past, both in this country and in the old land, the order's banner bears the motto of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity to its members, and peace and good will to all men.

This is the doctrine taught by the order the world over, and no true Hibernian fosters any spirit of proscription against his neighbor, no matter what his race or religious belief. In this republic the principles of the society are fully in accord with American institutions, and its growth and prosperity bear the strongest testimony of its great and noble work.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was transplanted to the United States about 60 years ago, although it is said to have existed in Maryland and other states previous to that time. * * * * The amount of money contributed by Hibernians for the Irish cause can never be estimated, because it was given without ostentation on many an occasion and with no other motive than the tribute of love and affection from the expatriated Celt to the land of his sires. * * * * It has contributed to churches, schools, orphans' homes, and convents, both here and in Ireland, and many an Irish priest has had reason to bless its charity and benevolence. It may be truly said that the order has never been appealed to in vain to aid in any good cause.

In recent years, besides its efficient objects, an insurance feature, called the "widows' and orphans' fund," has been established in connection with the order for the families of deceased members,

Each division has an employment bureau for the purpose of providing work for any Hibernian who may happen to come into the district. It is provided also with a literary committee, whose duty it is to make the meetings interesting with song, speech and story.

At the late national convention of the society held at Omaha, Neb., May 10, 1894, considerable changes were made in the constitution of the order, as well as a change in the titles of the officers. A change was also made in the directory by the creation of the office of national vice-president. The new officers are as follows: Patrick J. O'Connor, national president; Hon. J. C. Weadock, national vice-president; Michael J. Slattery, national secretary and Thomas J. Dundon, national treasurer. The members of the national directory are Maurice F. Wilhere, national chairman; Edward Sweeny, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. M. Clarke, Milwaukee, Wis.; and James Jackson, Philadelphia, Penn. Right Rev. John S. Foley was again re-elected national chaplain.—Condensed from Donohoe's Magazine.

Irish Boys In Blue.

The statement first to our knowledge circulated by the Rev. Dr. McArthur of New York, that 90 per cent. of the Union soldiers who were Irish Catholics by birth or parentage deserted from the service, has called out the subjoined interesting correspondence on the subject:

230 Grove st,, New Haven, Conn.,
Dec. 29, 1894.

Editor National Tribune:

The statement by Mr. Dunbar in the enclosed clipping about the Irish soldiers in the late war I also heard made by another party. It is also circulated by certain newspapers and individuals who were not anxious to proclaim their Americanism from '61 to '65. It does seem that an organized effort is being made to discredit the Irish by attacking the record of the gallant soldiers who represented that race in the Union armies. As the National Tribune is the champion of the Union soldiers I confidently hope it will refute this foul charge against that immense number of Boys in Blue who were Irish by birth or parentage and whose services contributed in no small measure to secure victory and to preserve the Union.

Yours in F., C. and L.
John P. Farrell.

The National Tribune.
(Established 1877.)
The Great National Soldier and Home Weekly Newspaper, 1729 New York avenue.

(Dictated.)
Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1895.

John P. Farrell,
240 Grove st., New Haven, Conn.

Comrade: The lie of Mr. Dunbar and others has been so often contradicted and disproven by us, not only in the National Tribune, but in private letters, that we are tired of it.

The statement of the Connecticut Catholic is right, and covers the whole ground.

The story originated in some figures given by the New York Sun which had absolutely no basis of the truth.

Yours in F., C. and L.
John McElroy.

As the National Tribune says, Mr. Dunbar's statement is a lie. When Dr. McArthur first originated the lie, and the New York Sun gave it circulation by publishing Dr. McArthur's sermon containing the lie, it was taken up and repeated by many slanderers of the Catholics and Irish. Only those who would believe anything against the Catholic and Irish, however, would pay any attention to such a foul and lying statement, which could be refuted by any man who ever wore the blue in our civil war. It is not to the Boys in Blue or those who like the National Tribune are proud to defend them that such slanders can be repeated. The only place they are applauded is in the halls of the A. P. A. and other assemblies that reek with hatred of everything Irish and Catholic.—Exchange.

An A. P. A. Editors Recant.

Oliver Magnuson, of Menominee Mich., until recently was the editor of the New Era, an A. P. A. paper of that place. He has left the order, and in the Evening Leader, of Menominee, he published a statement in which he said: "I hereby give notice that I am no longer a member of the A. P. A. organization. I consider it an injustice to discriminate against any man on account of his religion, and I positively refuse to be bound by anv A. P. A. pledges. I, with hundreds of others joined the organization without being apprised of the real nature of the pledges, before being admitted to the hall, and I, for one, rebel against such tactics in this free country. I have faithfully kept my pledges to this hour not because I thought they were right and just, but because I thought it was dishonorable to take a pledge and break it. My experience has taught me that great injustice is done to our Catholic citizens by men bound by oath to discriminate against them, and I think any fair minded man will say that an individual thus bound by oath cannot be a good citizen, and I cannot therefore be an A. P. A. I am once more a free man."

An Oregon Priest in Molokai.

Archbishop Gross is in receipt of a letter from Father Noel, of Roseburg, who is in Honolulu on sick leave. The health of the Father is steadily, though slowly improving, and he hopes to be able to return to missionary work in May or June.

Notwithstanding that when Father Noel visited the leper colony of Molokai, the awful impression made him determine not to visit the horrible scene again, his good heart inspired him to make another visit. which he did just before Christmas. There are 1700 lepers on the island, attended by Father Conrady, formerly of Oregon, and one other priest and ten Sisters. The sufferings of the poor lepers made a lasting impression on Father Noel, and which quickened his admiration for the priests and Sisters who are offering their lives in honor of God for the unfortunate and revolting lepers. —Portland Sentinel.

Divorce in Baltimore.

Our contemporary, the Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, Md., says:

"According to statistics, during last year 334 divorces were applied for and 108 granted. The number is not large in proportion to the population, which is half a million; that is to say, it is not large in comparison to other cities; but yet it is greater than it should be. There was a time, and it is not very many years ago, when in Baltimore a divorce was regarded as disgraceful and a woman living apart from her husband, even though with good cause, was under a cloud. A woman from whom her husband had obtained a divorce was without the pale of respectability."

Questions and Replies.

1. Editor of CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC: Sir, my books of Common Prayer, nor any that I have seen have the Black Rubric referred to in your articles on the Branch Theory. Would you explain for an anxious Protestant Episcopalian?

Reply. The Black Rubric is suppressed in the Book of Common Prayer used by the P. E. C. of America, but it appears in all copies used in England. Here are its main clauses: "Whereas it is ordained in this office for the administration of the Lord's Supper, that the communicants should receive the same kneeling . . . . Yet lest the same kneeling should by any persons, either out of ignorance and infirmity, or out of malice and obstinacy, be misconstrued and depraved; it is hereby declared that no adoration is intended or ought to be done either unto the sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances and therefore may not be adored: . . . . and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven and not here; it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one."

MARS' TOM'S GRAVE.

A Faithful Old Colored Servant Devoted to His Late Master.

"I saw a pathetic instance at Greensboro of a negro's fidelity," said W. L. Williams, a traveling man. "About ten miles from the town I saw a grave with a marble slab at its head. Seated near it was an old negro with a bunch of flowers which he was placing over the mound. I stopped my horse and spoke to him.

"'Whose grave is that, uncle?' I asked.

"'Mars' Tom's, boss. I'ze his nigga.'

"'Oh, no. You are no man's nigger now. Didn't you know that you were free?'

"'Dunno nuffin 'bout dat, sah. I'ze Mars' Tom's nigga, sah, an he's waitin foh me suah up dah. Dese han's done tote 'im frum dat place dey call Shiloh, an he died while I wah a-totin 'im. Jest closed he eyes an went ter sleep, an when I comes ter cross de ribber of Jordan he jest hole out his han's an he tells de angel at de gate who I be, an he let me in. I dreamed 'bout it las' night, boss.'

"I was interested in the old fellow and wanted to hear his story. The slab at the grave told me that it was that of 'Colonel Tom Winn, killed at the battle of Shiloh,' and I questioned the faithful negro further:

"'How old are you, uncle?'

"'Most a hundred, I reckon, sah.'

"'Was you in the war?'

"'Went wif Mars' Tom, sah. I'ze his nigga, an he's in heaben. I'ze jest a-waitin till dese ole bones, weary trabbling over de road, 'll take me ter de ribber, when Mars' Tom'll help his ole nigga ober.'

"'Were you with him when he was killed?'

"'I was right dar, boss. Done pick 'im up an toted 'im ter dat place dey call Corinth. Den I found a train; got ter de place dey call Chattanooga. De nex' day we wah in Atlanta. Mars' Tom den in his glory. Dis heah nigga lef' ter 'ten his body. Dey buried 'im when I got 'im heah, an dis nigga jest lef' ter 'ten his grabe an keep de flowers hyah.'

"I found upon inquiry that the story was true, and for a quarter of a century the faithful negro had done nothing but attend the grave of his young master, whose body he brought from northern Mississippi to central Georgia."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Application Embarrassed.

There lives in a certain small town a poor minister who has a large family which his salary does not begin to cover (literally), so the congregation have donated cast off clothing for the children, and even the poor minister's wife goes to church in the last year's bonnet and cloak of a deacon's wife. The poor lady has grown used to this and does the best she can with the conglomeration of dresses, cloaks and hats which are sent her, though the result is sometimes rather tragic. However, she has always felt that she did nobly by the children, and if the dresses and coats and cloaks and trousers were misfits none was ever unkind enough to say anything about it. One Sunday, however, she dressed the nine hopefuls with great care and marched them to the church. She was a little late, and just as she opened the door and started up the aisle her husband thundered from the pulpit, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He did not see the joke, but the congregation tittered, and the mother was ready to cry.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Dispelling an Illusion.

One of my readers wants to know the correct pronunciation of the word "Llanthony." It is always a painful thing to me to dispel the prevalent illusion that newspaper editors know everything, but owing, I suppose, to the fact that I was taught Latin and Greek in my youth, when I ought to have been learning the tongues of the living, I have grown up ignorant of the proper pronunciation of Llanthony. All I can boast of is a general idea that in Welsh most of the consonants are vowels and most of the vowels sounds which no Englishman can hope to imitate. But if any of my readers can throw any light on "Llanthony" I shall be happy to assist in spreading it.—London Truth.

Curran's Retort.

Curran's friend was tickled by the orator's retort apropos of the jury system. The friend was bragging of his attachment to it and said, "With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!"

"Oh," said Curran in amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

First Patent In America.

The first patent granted in America was issued by the general court of Boston, March 6, 1646, to Joseph Jenks for his invention of a water wheel. A facsimile copy has recently been placed in the patent office.

Good Advice.

Be sure you are right, and then stop, if there is any danger of your going wrong.—Picayune.

The Indians called the French Broad river Tockyeste, the "Little Roarer."

BEFORE MATCHES CAME.

The Flint and Steel and Rushlights and Tallow Dips of Our Ancestors.

To the present generation it may seem next door to the incredible that in the first years of the reign of Wiliam IV there were no lucifer matches. In lieu thereof there were only long matches or splints of wood tipped at each end with melted sulphur, and before the complicated system of dipping the sulphureted match in concentrated sulphuric acid came into use these matches were kindled first by striking a light with flint and steel and then causing the spark to ignite a small quantity of tinder, an inflammable substance usually composed of partially burned linen.

This simple adjunct to the process of obtaining a light had been in use all over the world from time immemorial. The French tinder was called "amadou," a word the etymology of which has been fiercely contested, some philologers deriving it from the old French adjective "amadou," equivalent to amorous, and conveying the moral idea of the sweetly agreeable sensation of the hand coming in contact with a very soft substance, while others trace it to the Latin "ad manum dulce." The French tinder was often made of the spongy portions of mushrooms and other fungi, and prior to the introduction of lucifer matches the manufacture of amadou was one of considerable importance. The cryptogamic substance was beaten on a block somewhat after the manner of felt until it became homogeneous, and it was then impregnated with a solution of salts of niter or simply pulverized gunpowder. The Germans still fabricate a delicate kind of amadou which is used in surgery for stanching hemorrhage. As for flint and steel, they have as completely faded out from our domestic economy as they have from firearms, and the tinder box is so rarely seen that it might well be included in an exhibition of old social curios.

With tinder and tinder boxes has also vanished the rushlight which, when William Cobbett was a boy, English cottagers used to make for themselves by gathering rushes and dipping them successively in melted tallow until sufficient thick adipose matter was obtained. In houses where refinement was supposed to prevail the rushlight was invariably placed in a japanned tin shade perforated with circular orifices, and the insomnolent invalid had the pleasure of contemplating a large number of round spots of light on the ceiling, reflected from the rushlight screen. "Dips," another form of tallow candle, much given to sputtering, which smelled abominably, have also died the death, and "mold candles," which strove to emulate wax ones in their form, but hardly succeeded in doing so, have been superseded by cheaper candles, almost as shapely and as light giving as the old and costly spermaciti. Seventy years ago gas was little used. There were no railroads, few steamboats and no lucifer matches; yet, as Mr. Walter Besant might put it, the world went very well then.—London Telegraph.

APOLOGIZED FOR INTRUDING.

The Bashful Student Thought the Venus of Medici Was a Living Bather.

A funny story of a modest man is told by Aubrey de Vere in The Century Magazine. After 50 years' seclusion within the walls of his college a certain venerable fellow of Cambridge university thought it was time for him to see a little of the world, and he accepted an invitation from an early pupil who was entertaining a large party in a great country house. At dinner he sat next to the young lady of the house. Their conversation fell upon baths, and she happened to mention that she took a shower bath every morning to invigorate her system, adding, when he inquired what a shower bath was, that it resembled a very small round room; that the bather took his or her stand in the center of it, and upon pulling a string was drenched by a sudden flood of water from above.

Next morning the recluse rose at his usual hour—6 o'clock—and being of an inquisitive temper thought it well to explore carefully what he had never seen before—a large country house. On pulling open a door he found himself at the entrance of a very small circular apartment, one of those in which housemaids store away old brushes and household articles past their work. In the center of it stood a plaster cast of the Venus of Medici. The venerable man recoiled, closed the door and walked in the park till summoned by the breakfast bell. He took his seat, and the host asked whether he would have tea or coffee. But he had reflected on what good manners imperatively required, and his answer was:

"My lord, I can neither partake of tea nor coffee, nor any other refection until I have first tendered my humblest apologies to the interesting young lady whom I now see dispensing the chocolate and on whose sanitary ablutions this morning as she stood in her shower bath I was so unfortunate as unwittingly to intrude."

Ancient Use of the Mace.

The ancient use of the mace introduces us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy was forbidden to shed blood, and as thus the sword was inhibited this might have been thought sufficient to keep them from the battlefield. But not so; they adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Otho, half brother of William, fought alongside of the conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect, the brothers being, as you may say, "a pair of nutcrackers."—Notes and Queries.

An Apt Answer.

Rubinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the crusaders who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine. "On the piano presumably," was the smiling response.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.
Sago, 25 lbs. for $1.
Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.
Tea, 20c,, 25c., 40c., and 50c. per lb.
Full Cream Cheese, 10c. per lb.
Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.
Eastern hams, 12½c. per lb.
Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.
15-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.
Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.
Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.
Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c.
Port Wine, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Sherry, 75c. $1, and $1.50 gal.
Short Horn Whisky, $2.50 gal.
Irish Whisky, $3.00 per gal.
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The California Catholic

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Henry I. Fisher, Editor & Publisher
OFFICE, 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—$1.50 per year, strictly in advance.

Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico. To all other countries, 50 cents per year additional. Portions of a year, pro rata.

No papers sent to any address after expiration of the time for which payment has been made.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of February.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

St. Francis of Assisum, San Francisco.

St. Mary's College, San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, February 9th.

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Feb. 3d. Sunday—4th Sunday after Epiphany.—S. Blase Bp. M. (316).

Feb. 4th. Monday—S. Andrew Corsini Bp (O.C., 1373).—S. Jane de Valois (1447).

Feb. 5th. Tuesday—S. Phillip of Jesus, M. (Minorite, Mexico)—Three Japanese Martyrs (S.J., 1597).

Feb. 6th. Wednesday—S. Tftus, Bp. (04)—S. Dorothy, V. M. (304).

Feb. 7th. Thursday—S Romuald, F. (Camaldules, 1207)—S, Richard, K. (722).—H.H.

Feb 8th. Friday—S. John de Matha, F. (Trinitarians, 1213).

Feb. 9th. Saturday—S. Cyril, of Alexandria, Bp. D. 444)—S. Apollonia, V.M. (249).

The Devil.

There is one thing we admire about the devil, and that is his courage. He is making a splendid fight of it for himself and for the other devils. He is for the place below like Napoleon, Hannibal, Alexander, Grant and Lee rolled into one. He is a Todleban in defense, and a Jomini in attack, but both multiplied by ten. Since he was hurled from heaven he never yet lost an opportunity in attempting to carry out his purpose, and he is quicker than electricity when he tries to do so. But wonderful as his courage is, it is no more remarkable than his adaptability.

He creates "United" Italy and cries, "Behold! how great a nation we are," and all the time he is doing his very best to people hell with subjects from his new empire. He succeeds in making education godless, and he chuckles as he proclaims from the house tops the policy of the "home alone" being "the place for religion. He dissolves the marriage tie as he quotes the Scriptures, or he "drives his wives tandem fashion" in New England, or "two or three abreast," as he does in Utah. He tempts the poor by telling them "what is his should be yours," and he tempts the rich by women and wine, and by telling them to "win gold and wear it." And then what a splendid organizer he is. He creates Orangism in Ireland and Apaism in this country in order that Catholics and Protestants may be prevented from knowing each other better and liking each other more. Fanaticism and rancour are by him cultivated as scientists cultivate microbes, and he whispers "St. Bartholomew!" "Inquisition!" "Hiding place for arms!" "Popery—brass money and wooden shoes," and he hugs himself and his victims in his embrace as he tells his followers, "what fools these mortals be."

Here in San Francisco he has done some heavy work of late. He has worn a beatific smile above the white tie of J. Q. A. Henry, while he defamed God's chosen people, those "angels of mercy," the nuns, and he ran a gambling hell and gin mill under the name of "Mose" Gunst, while he made "Mose" a Commissioner of Police. Oh, he is cute, very cute, the old boy. Masked or in the open, under the cover of the A. P. A. or from the pulpit of a Dille, he is the same unapproachable master of subtilty and finesse. We do not know that we are theologically right, but we believe that the devil would rather set the Protestants and Catholics at each other's throat than catch a net full of infidels. It is said that he is afraid of holy water, but we think he is more afraid of good Christians of all beliefs tolerating each other in a kindly way than he is of anything else on earth except, of course, God's command to "Get thee behind me Satan." Now, as we are no friend of the devil's, we do not intend to help him in keeping alive religious animosities. There are many good Protestants in this State. Protestant clergymen are, too, doing good in the world. With few exceptions they are all men of pure lives and lofty principles, and while we believe they are in error, yet they are not the devil's children, nor are they anywhere near him. And if those good Protestant people only let us alone; do not call us bad names; avoid calumny and calumniators; in fact, when speaking of us, "tell the truth and shame the devil," we have no doubt but that we can settle down and discuss our differences in a Christian spirit, as gentlemen should. But—ah! that "but"—as "we love those who love us," we shall expect courtesy in return for courtesy, and for those who insist in defying the injunction to "love your neighbor as yourself," we are afraid that, in that case, the devil whom we hate so much, may succeed in tempting us to give back measure for measure.

Mr. T. Healey, M. P.

Americans should remember when reading the cablegrams of Mr. Ballard Smith, the London correspondent of the New York World, that he is suspected of taking his inspiration, on the internal troubles in the Irish party from Mr. T. P. O'Connor and his friends, and that Mr. T. P. O'Connor and his friends do not agree with Mr. Timothy Healy and those who believe in his opposition to one man power, or Bossism, as it is called here. But those who know Mr. Timothy Healy know him to be a man of lofty principles, pure motives and keen judgment, and it will take something more than the cablegrams of Mr. Ballard Smith to shake the confidence of Mr. Healy's friends in the soundness of his opinions or in the patriotism of his acts. We have known Mr. Timothy Healy for twenty years, and although we have dropped out of the fight in the old land, yet we take as keen an interest in the struggle as ever, and we grasp the opportunity of saying a word for one of Ireland's most able and most devoted sons.

Taxing Church Property.

The A. P. A. want all church property to be taxed. Well according to the official figures, the value of church property in the United States according to the last census is:

Denominations.	Value of church property.
Adventists	$1,236,345
Baptists	82,328,123
Brethren, River	81,350
Brethren, Plymouth	1,455
Catholics	118,371,366
Catholic Apostolic	6,050
Chinese Temples	62,000
Christians	1,775,202
Missionary associations	3,900
Christian Scientists	40,666
Christian Union	234,450
Church of God	643,185
Church Triumphant	15,000
Church of New Jerusalem	1,286,455
Mennonites	643,800
Methodists	139,140,179
Moravians	681,250
Presbyterians	94,869,097
Reformed	18,144,242
Salvation Army	3,150
Spiritualists	573,650
United Brethren	4,937,588
Unitarians	10,325,100
Universalists	8,054,333
Independent Congregations	1,486,000
Total	$48,771,921

This places the Catholics after the Methodists: thus as, a contemporary says, if the A. P. A.'s succeed in hitting the Catholics hard with the billy, it will brain the Protestant church.

Meyers' History.

The last issue of the Jewish Progress, published in this city, says:

"A recent examination of Myers' Universal History has convinced us of the validity of many Catholic objections to the book. The author undertakes to interweave commentaries in his recital of facts, and his comments are generally biased by his Protestant faith. This makes the book objectionable."

This independent and unbiased opinion of Myers' History is a valuable testimony to the character of the work, and we venture to say that every independent and unbiased person who examines the work will agree with our contemporary.

Aftermath.

There are 2,000 Catholics out of a total population of 32,000 in British Honduras.

* * *

The *Catholic Telegram* serves notice on the individuals who want all church property taxed that if Protestantism can stand such taxation, so can Catholicity.

* * *

Dr. W. Seward Webb, of New York, has offered the Sisters of Mercy 100 acres of land for a Catholic sanitarium to be located near Saranac Lake, New York.

* * *

Arthur M. Forrester, the author of several well known poems, whose death was announced last week was formerly connected with the Irish World and Boston Republic.

* * *

The announcement made by Mr. Gladstone that he intends to return to Parliament has revived the hopes of the Liberal Party and it has too given new life to the Nationalists in Ireland.

* * *

Mr. Marion Crawford, the Catholic novelist, who is censured by Maurice Francis Eagan because a few chapters of "Casa Braccio" are not what is expected from a Catholic writer, is now yachting in the Mediterranian. But knowing something about Mr. Marion Crawford, we prefer to read the whole of the story before we pass an opinion on it.

Roman Catholic Demands.

A draft bill dealing with certain educational grievances felt by Roman Catholics and representing a measure which they would like to see in operation throughout the schooi board districts, together with some observations by Cardinal Vaughan upon the suggested provisions, is also published. The bill, which was drawn up by a committee composed of the Cardinal, five Bishops, the Duke of Norfolk, and members of the Catholic School Committee, provides that, when the parents of 30 children wish to establish a separate school and provide the cost, they can obtain annual support for such school both from the Education Department and the Local School Board. The amount which may be claimed from the district is specified as "such sum per head for each scholar certified for as shall be equal to the amount per head expended by the district out of the rates in its own Board schools on the teaching of its scholars." Two-fifths of the managers of such a school would be elected by the parents and guardians of the children. --- London Times.

CHURCH AND REPUBLIC.

Father Moeller, S. J., Lectures at Alameda.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The Relation of the Church to this Government Eloquently Stated.

During the Mission just concluded at Alameda, a series of questions were propounded to the Missionary Fathers embodying the objections urged by Protestants against the Catholic Church. Although they were the old stock objections, which have been so often overcome, it was decided in view of the number of non-Catholics in the community to give a public reply. On Monday night, Father Moeller, S. J., ascended the pulpit, and proceeded to deliver a lecture on the "Catholic Church and the Republic."

The announcement of the lecture was very short, but nevertheless every seat in the church was occupied, many being of other denominations. Father Moeller opened the lecture by saying that when Christ said 'give unto Ceasar the things are Ceasar's, and give to God the things that are of God,' He separated the spiritual from the temporal power, and religion from the civil.

"In this world there are two orders, or two kinds of society as it were," said the lecturer. "One relates to the regulation of conscience and the worship of God; the other to the regulation of civil and temporal relations. Both are entirely distinct, and the spiritual cannot interfere with the temporal."

"The only time when these might clash would be when the enacted laws were contrary to conscience, and even then in case of doubt, it must yield to the law."

"As long as the State passes laws in equity and justice, the Church has no right to interfere. God designed authority and made it supreme in its power Spiritual authority must inculcate obedience to the state. Law and conscience require each one to be a good citizen."

Father Moeller then referred to the questions received and proceeded to answer them. The first one was, "Must Catholics obey the Pope, in all things, religious or otherwise?" The answer was short and sharp. "In religious matters yes, otherwise no!" In explanation the lecturer said the Pope had nothing to do with the constitution of the country, and that if the laws were just, it was for each individual to obey them.

"What do Catholics mean by saying the Pope is infallible, can he sin?" was the second in the series. Father Moeller fully explained the doctrine of infallibility, showing that when he speaks with the voice of the Holy Ghost, then only is he infallible. The greatest sinner might be Pope, yet when he spoke as the interpreter of faith, moved by this spirit, he is infallible. Popes are only human, and some according to history have been anything but good men."

The third question was, "What is the attitude of the Church (Roman) to this country?" What is it but friendly," said Father Moeller. The Church tells us to keep friends with it. What more loyal citizens than the Catholics. We want the Constitution as it is, and with no useless amendments tacked on."

To the fourth question, "Can a practical Catholic be a good American?" Father Moeller answered that he could not be anything else, for as he must keep its laws, he cannot be a boodler.

The complexity of the fifth question only made Father Moeller's answers more pointed. It was, "Does the Church (Roman Catholic) want to obtain possession of the government of this country, and for what purpose?" The answer was, 'Catholics don't want it. We are not able to hold it. It don't belong to our order of jurisdiction. All we want is to be good citizens, have good and just laws, and elect just legislators. And by the way we dont mind getting our share of the offices."

"What has the Roman Catholic Church done for this country, and what claim has it on this country?" "What have others done," asked Father Moeller. "This is not a Presbyterian or any other denominational government. The eight or nine million Catholics in the country have helped develop its resources. The United States does not owe its origin only to Plymouth Rock and the New England states. Maryland, a Catholic colony, first gave freedom of worship. Florida was a Catholic settlement. Louisiana, which at that time comprised the interior of the United States, was a Catholic settlement, as also was California.

As an answer to the seventh question, "Why are not Catholics allowed to join secret societies? Are not Americans free to join what they desire? an elaborate explanation of the reason why the Catholic Church is opposed to them was given, in accordance with the lines laid down in the late encyclical.

The Church is not opposed to associations with a legitimate object, such as trades unions, etc. What a howl Protestants would raise if Catholics formed an oath-bound organization to keep Protestants out of office or injure them in business.

As to what part Catholics would take in a war declared against this country by the Pope, Father Moeller answered that the Pope would have to take the same chances as any other ruler, and that in the event of such a thing occurring, Catholics would be found fighting for their country, even against the Pope.

To "What have Catholics done for intellectual progress?" Father Moeller pointed to the University at Washington as one evidence, and showed that in the arts and sciences Catholics have always been foremost in the sciences, architecture, music, painting and sculpture. This comprised the series of questions.

The reverend lecturer then treated of society, showing how it was based on the authority of God. After showing the fallacy of the theory of evolution, and the necessity for order and stable law as the foundation of the State, Father Moeller showed the manner in which religion is of service to the State by developing all that is good in man, and making him a reputable citizen.

Home is the great safeguard, and to home we must look for the influences that direct the State. Beautiful thoughts, clothed in the choicest language, flowed from the lecturer's lips as he proceeded to speak of the home. There was pathos in every word and tenderness in every thought. And then, as if to empasize further, if possible, his beautiful expressions, Father Moeller read with infinite tenderness a short poem entitled "A Woman's Answer." During its reading he held his audience spell-bound. His peroration was a masterpiece of eloquence.

The lecture produced a very marked effect on the congregation, particularly on those who were not Catholics. The easy, off-hand manner in which Father Moeller answered the questions rather surprised the non-Catholics. Our only regret is that the complete lecture could not be published in our columns.

BUILDING GUNS MORE CHEAPLY.

A Swede's Plan For Giving a Twist to Balls From a Smooth Bore.

The very heavy cost of modern guns is largely due to the time and labor which are necessarily expended upon the operation of rifling them. The material itself is relatively cheap, and a rifled gun, besides being much more costly, is, other things being equal, more short lived than a smoothbore. It is almost impossible so to make the gun and the projectile that the soft driving bands of the latter shall, at the moment of discharge, accurately fit into the grooves and lands of the bore and allow no gases to pass ahead. When these gases do pass ahead of the projectile, they score and damage the interior of the gun, and where the new powders are used and the gases of combustion attain an enormous degree of heat the process of deterioration, especially in weapons of large caliber, is often very rapid.

A Swedish engineer, W. T. Unge, has devised a method whereby he hopes to save not only the cost of rifling, but also the interior wear and tear for which rifling is responsible. He proposes to construct all guns with smoothbores and to fit the projectiles with gas checks, which shall render it practically impossible for any gases to rush past them. In order to convey to the projectile an axially rotary motion, such as is at present conveyed to it by the action of the rifling, he has invented a mechanical arrangement which, at the instant of firing, gives to the gun itself the rotary motion. This may be either constant or increased. He has satisfied himself that the effect upon the projectile is exactly the same as is produced by the constant or increasing twist of an ordinary rifled gun, and he is of opinion that the adoption of his system, while giving equal or even improved accuracy of fire, will reduce the cost of heavy guns by one-half and add enormously to their endurance.—Chicago Herald.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Vallejo Wants the Y. M. I. Grand Council.

DOINGS AT STOCKTON.

San Francisco Ladies Present Memorial Windows to the San Diego Church.

Stockton.

The minstrel entertainment recently given by the members of the Father Matthew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society was one of the best amateur entertainments ever given in Stockton. Every seat in the hall was taken and generous applause greeted each number.

An old-time minstrel, first part, opened the performance.

P. D. Campbell acted as interlocutor, and George Young, John Hopkins, William Bigelow and R. McDaniels were the end-men.

Miss Belle Quinn caught the audience by her rendition of "The Fatal Wedding," and was followed by John Hopkins in his irresistible "Rock and Roll Me." Miss Josie Ryan's sweet voice was heard in the pathetic ballad, "Past and Future."

R. McDaniels sung the "Poodle Dog," while tears coursed from the eyes of the spectators with laughter. Miss Rose Castle sung "Asthore," George Young was a typical "Alabama Coon" and L. R. Giovannessi sung "Anchored." W. Bigelow's "Shooting Craps" preceeded the final tableau, "The Knot of the Blue and Gray," which ended the first part.

Miss Gertie Doyle opened the second part with a recitation, and was followed by Miss Blankenship in the the sentimental ballad, "Hearts." Hugh Tumulty recited the "Execution of Montrose," and Billy Bigelow's song and dance performance received a triple encore.

An instrumental selection was next rendered, with Miss Ryan as pianist, Miss Rielly as violinist, Misses Quinn and Shea playing mandolins, and Misses Tavares, Coleman and O'Brien fingering the guitars. John Brady recited "Me and Jones," and George Young did some specialty work which was very good. The entertainment concluded with the one act farce, "The Ticket Taker." The following named took part: P. D. Campbell, George Young, L. R. Giovanessi, R. McDaniels, William Dolan, J. Hopkins J. Piequet and W. Bigelow.

The Gentlemen's Sodalily of the Immaculate Conception received Holy Communion at the 8:30 o'clock Mass last Sunday morning, and the sight was very impressive, on account of the large number of Sodalists, and the individual interest manifested by the members. The membership has increased wonderfully since its inception some three months ago, and nearly all were present last Sunday. The following are the newly elected officers of the Sodality: Prefect, John T. Doyle; First Assistant Prefect, A. C. Oullahan; Second Assistant Prefect, M. McRay; Secretaries, C. P. Rendon and John Barrett; Treasurer, A. R. McDonald; Consulters—J. M. Larkin, J. D. G. Gall, Edward Dunn, P. Kearns, James Burns, J. M. McCarty, J. Hefferman, Henry J. Von Detten, J. H. Powers, A. Chisholm, B. Cassidy, M. A. Ryan: Sacristans—L. R. Giovannessi and J. J. Ryan; Marshal, J. J. Nunan; Doorkeeper, M. Larrigan. The regular communion Sunday of the Sodality is the last Sunday in each month.

The result of the ladies' festival held in Weber Hall some time ago was announced last Sunday by Rev. Father O'Connor as follows:

Candy and Soda Table—Mrs. Burns and Miss Kittie Vizelich, assisted by Mrs. James Brown, Mrs. C. C. Daley, Miss Julia Garvin, Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Hanson, $240 50.

Fancy Table No. 1—Miss Laogier, assisted by Mrs. Giovannessi, Miss Morrisey, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Harkness, Miss Nannie McCann, Mrs. Crow and Mrs. J. T. Doyle, $323 36.

Fancy Table No. 2, or the Convent Table—In charge of Mrs. Castle and Mrs. J. J. Nunan, $1,050; door receipts, $94 50; total, $1,640 35; less expenses, $94 00; grand total, $1,546 35.

Last Monday morning, a man ostensilly under the guize of making some changes in the telephone, secured an entrance into the convent, He hung his coat in the kitchen, unscrewed the diaphragm of the telephone, and then visited one of the rooms where he broke open a trunk and a secretary without securing anything of value. He also entered the house of the gardener and secured a few minor articles,

San Diego.

The memorial stained glass windows just placed in the transcept of St. Joseph's Catholic Church at Third and Beech streets, are a worthy tribute to the zeal of Rev. Father Ubach, the generosity of the donors, and the beloved ones thus commemorated. The three on the north side, most artistic and beautiful, are from Mrs. M. A, Wilcox of San Francisco, widow of Capt. Wilcox, her daughters and son, in memory of the captain. The three on the south side, equally beautiful are from Mrs. M. W. Longstreet. of San Francisco, a daughter of Capt and Mr. Wilcox, in memory of her grandparents, Don and Dona Santiago Arguello, of La Punta. He it was who had been a prefect of this region before it became a part of the United States.

This leaves but two windows, near the entrance, to be filled. The stained glass for them is here, and wfll be placed next Monday. The church wil then lack only a tower to be completed. Father Ubach estimated that this will cost $1000 without the bells. To aid in this the ladies of the congregation are preparing to hold a fair from Feb. 18th to the 23rd, at the Second-street armory, and which promises in the quantity, variety and elegance of donations to equal any of those heretofore held by them.

When the tower is added this spacious temple will be one of the most imposing and notable attractions of the city, for Father Ubach proposes that the tower shall be a faithful copy of the campanile or bell tower of the old missi n. It will therefore be of brick, each of its four sides (with arches to show the bells) covered with Spanish tiles and the top roofed likewise.

Sacramento.

The sixth annual ball of Grace Council, Young Ladies Institute, was held on Thursday night of last week at Turner hall, and it was a delightful affair. The attendance was very large and the hall was never more inviting.

The officers and Committees who managed the affair were as follows:

Past President, Mrs. J. W. Willem; Presdent, Mamie Morley; Frst Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Buchanan; Second Vice-President, Maggie Kearney: Recording Secretary, Annie Stanfield; Financial Secretary, Nellie Denuy; Trsasurer. Miss M. Mullaney; Marshal, Miss M. Fisher.

Directors—Lillie Denny, Lizzie A. Long, Annie Miller, Jennie Schiels, Minnie Kent.

Committee of Arrangements—Mrs. J. W. Willem, Miss M. Mullaney, Miss Hallinan, Miss M. Fisher. Mrs. Shaplin, Miss M. Kennedy, Miss M. Chenu, Mrs. George Maley, Mrs. L. L. Bock, Miss M. Hogan.

Reception Committee---Mrs. M. A. Nagle, Miss Vogel, Miss M. Whyie, Miss K. Kelly, Miss K. Heggerty, Miss M. Kent, Miss D. Hallinan, Miss M. Costello, Miss L. Humrich, Miss A. Stanfield, Mrs. Kiernan.

Floor Director—Miss Mamie Morley.

Floor Committee—Jennie Shields, Jennie Coffin, Nelly Denny, Lizzie A. Long, Mary Haggerty, Lena Wolf, Lillie Denny, Mrs. J. J. Buchanan.

Old St. Mary's Cathderal.

An interesting incident arising out of the death of Lieut. J. H. Turner, U. S. R. M., who died at the Occidental Hotel, this city, last week, is told by Rev. Father Wyman, the Paulist. Lieut. Turner was the husband of a sister of Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, and after his marriage was received into the Church by Rev. Hugh Lagan, at San Rafael. During his recent illness he was attended by Father Wyman, who administered to him the last rites of the Church. Lieut. Turner's mother came down from Alaska, where her son was stationed for many years, to be with him in his last illness. There she met Father Wyman, who has had her under his instruction since. Yesterday Mrs. Turner was received into the Church by Father Wyman and today received Holy Communion for the first time. Tomorrow Mrs. Turner will leave for her home in Alaska.

Vallejo.

The members of the Young Men's Institute are desirous of having the Grand Council meet in this city in September next. For the purpose of carrying out the plan the following committee has been appointed to encourage the matter with a view of ultimate success: John T. Ryan, W. T. Kelly, Joseph Cunningham, J. R. Whitaker, Joseph Clavo.

It is maintained by the members that considerable good will result from the session of the grand body, and the claim is undoubtedly true.

Vallejo has as good facilities to entertain guests as any other city in the State, and the holding of one session of a Grand Lodge of any Order means that others will also take cognizance of the fact.

The program briefly outlined is to have a session of four days. The first one to be devoted to a parade and preliminary work. An excursion would be arranged from San Francisco, and fully 1200 people could be brought here. During the remaining three days nearly 300 delegates would find plenty of work and amusement to entain them.

Francesca Society.

The Francesca Society held its regular annual meeting on the 20th ult. After reading of the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mrs. Andrew Welch; First Vice-President, Mrs. Dr. Luke Robinson; Second Vice-President, Miss David; Secretary, Miss H. Skidmore; Treasurer, Miss Martha Brooke.

During the year 2,803 garments, 441 yards of cloth, groceries to 90 families, and toys and candies to 200 children were distributed. A vote of thanks was tendered to the donors and kind friends who assisted them.

St. Ignatius.

Tomorrow will be the feast of St. Blaise, on which day in this church it is customary to bless the throats of those who present themselves. This ceremony will commence about 12:30 P. M. and continue throughout the afternoon.

A dispatch from Iquiqui, Chile, in Thursday's papers, announced the death there of Father Antonia Rosa, said to be a native of this city, and a member of the Jesuit order. Inquiry at the church, and among the different clery of the diocese failed to elicit any information regarding him.

Oakland.

The Catholic Ladies' Aid Society will give a grand musical and dramatic entertainment at St. Francis De Sales Hall, Grove and Jones streets, Tuesday evening, Feb. 26; admission, 25 cents. Their next meeting will be Tuesday, February 5. in the evening, at which the proceedings of the last grand council will be read.

The Children of Mary of St. Francis de Sales parish will give an "Evening with Thomas Moore," at St. Francis de Sales Hall on Monday night.

Santa Clara.

The feast of Sister Mary de Sales, one of the esteemed Sisters at the academy of Our Lady of Angels, occurred on Tuesday. The regular celebration of the feast was dispensed with, owing to her illness. She is improving as well as could be expected.

St. Bridget's.

The feast of St. Bridget, which occurred on Friday, will be celebrated tomorrow. His Grace, Archbishop Riordan will preach at the last Mass.

Personal.

On dit that Rev. Daniel Riordan will be the next Bishop of Denver. This is suiting the man to the place, for we believe that Father Dan was reared on the mountains.—Catholic Times. [The Father Riordan referred to above is the brother of our Archbishop.]

Rev. Father Tormey, of Auburn, who has been in San Jose for his health for several months has returned home.

Civil War—First Gun.

The *Independent* states as a truth of history that a Protestant bishop fired the first shot against the Union in the Civil War. It says; "Bishop Stevens is the one who fired the first shot of the Civil War, when he sent a shell at the 'Star of the West.' He was, at the beginning of the war superintendent of the South Carolina Military Academy, at Charleston, and was commanding a battery on Morrison Island when the 'Star of the West' steamed into the harbor." If the A. P. A. only had such a point as that against a Catholic bishop, how it would "make Rome howl!"—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Pure Beeswax Candles for Candlemas Day at Sbarboro & Co.'s, 531 Washington st. *

SUNRISE IN CHICAGO.

A Poet's Description of the Charity Ball at the Auditorium.

The charity ball in Chicago is brilliant, not merely as a fashionable and an eleemosynary occasion. It is endeared to all lovers of poetical description and romantic poesy. Mr. Sylvanus F. Bill, the poet of the Auditorium, emerges once a year from that too strictly preserved retirement in which he has long been engaged in writing a poetical directory of Cook county and fills The Inter Ocean with the splendor of pageantry and the honey of music. The Chicago charity ball of 1895 was held at the Auditorium on last Thursday night, and Mr. Bill described it with his usual wealth of adjective and luxuriance of passion. His exordium was full of might and magnificence:

Like a grim, impenetrable fortress of mediæval times the Auditorium looked before the moon swung out like a silver lamp in the midnight sky and cast around the gray tower and austere walls the soft, transforming tissue of its woven beams. Far out over the frozen waters of the lake gazed the deep windows from under their arched brows of fluted stone, as the great monument of Chicago's power flung out a challenge to the eastern world. High in the air the tower, like a mighty forefinger, was pressed upon the changing pulse of Boreas, while the quick voice of the telegraph reported the condition of the weather to the listening town.

Clouds hung like a frown upon the building's granite brow, but its heart was filled with melody and beating with human sympathy and kindliness. The charity ball was on! And as the music swirled on through the great arches, twinkling with the lights that jewel the roof and fluttering like bright plumaged birds among the boxes of ivory and gold, the feet of the mimic armies advancing and retreating fell into rhyme, young voices into sweeter cadences, the scowl on the face of the bending sky melted in laughter, and as the hours with golden feet slipped by

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the beautiful stars, the forgetmenots of the angels."

Mr. Bill, too, swirled in music through the great arches, twinkled and fluttered and advanced in cadence. We seem to see his eyes glittering beneath fluted eyebrows and his pencil pressed like a mighty forefinger upon the paper that throbs with the quick coming thoughts. As he whirls like a strain through the south tunnel we hear with him "the words of the poet architect" of the building:

The utterance of life is a song,
The symphony of nature.

The jewels flash, the laces glitter. The great procession comes:

Stately dowagers in velvet gowns, with white hair piled high under diamond tiaras, and debutantes with diaphanous draperies, soft locks brushed back from untroubled brows and a rose tucked over one pretty ear; Youth and Age, meeting and courtesying, and when the solid lines broke up and swept in small detachments into the graceful convolutions of the dance it was like the shattering of a rainbow or the sudden separating of a mosaic, whose parts, fitting into an exquisite and harmonious whole, were yet complete as single jewels.

Palmetto leaves from the bayous of the south, palms from the islands of the Indies, were knotted with the orange colored taffeta cloth of the orient, but it did not need tropical foliage to suggest the beauties of Araby. Dark eyes and midnight tresses were there, and girls as fair as the peri who stood at the gates of paradise.

The Hon. N. K. Fairbank goes by with simple but beautiful side whiskers, such as Cupid or a young angel would be glad to have for wings. Peris of paradise and Naiads of the lakeside pass by in bright ranks and to stately measures. Supper is had, and now comes the inevitable end, thinking whereof the Hon. Sylvanus F. Bill is splashed as to his tender nose with drops of vague regret:

The lights in the windows of the town pale into the day; the dancers of the night sink into sleep; the brilliancy and charm of the charity ball are a dream of the past, and

"In frost 'broidered garments the hushed earth is swaying
Out in the firmament's cradle of blue,
And now are the daughters of Music essaying
For the God child, Creation, a slumber song new."

The poem has been written, and the proof has been read, but the first flushes of the dawn illuminate the pensive lineaments of Sylvanus F. Bill as he sits by the great rose window in the eighth story of The Inter Ocean building. The pajamas of blue and gold glitter in the first smiles of morn. The ivory slippers on the poetic feet in the casement are touched with a tender glow. The tired elevator boy is softened. The newsboys point with reverence to the window where Sylvanus F. Bill is dreaming, his red Turkish nightcap pulled over his godlike waste of brow. It is sunrise in Chicago!—New York Sun.

SASSIETY SURPRISED.

This Time by Mrs. William Astor's Determination to Move to Paris.

Although I believe that Mrs. William Astor has the use of the residence 350 Fifth avenue for life, she must have turned it over to her son, Jack Astor, for in the spring it will be pulled down to make way for the grand new Jack Astor hotel.

Mrs. William Astor has taken a long lease of an apartment on the Avenue des Champs Elysees, where her daughter, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, may reside with her.

The demolition of the Astor mansion and the expatriation of the lady who so long and so charmingly presided over its hospitalities are a remarkable outcome of the very remarkable series of events that have been happening in New York society.

If ever a woman did seem to belong to New York and to have made her name and position inseparable from New York, that woman was certainly Mrs. William Astor.

If asked a short time ago to say who was the woman least likely to give up her home and distinction in New York, 99 people out of 100 would have said Mrs. Astor.

All of which only goes to prove what a tremendous social catacylsm has been going on in New York, of which only the merest rumors have reached the surface.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A Progressive Pulpit.

The modern clergyman would not be himself were he not thoroughly up to date. His latest exploit is to use "A Yellow Aster" as his text for an appreciative sermon.—Boston Transcript.

WILL VISIT THE MOON.

An Eccentric Kentuckian Who Spends Most of His Time In Tree Tops.

The name of Judge Fenley is familiar to every man, woman and child living in and about Russellville, Ky.

The judge is a hoary headed man of perhaps 60 years, yet he is daily preparing to start on a journey to the moon.

His home is everywhere, yet the solitude of the woods is his favorite abiding place. It is reported that he once lived in a large hollow tree, and from a platform which he built in the topmost branches he often stood for hours and gazed at the planets.

A short distance from the little city of Russellville might be seen an old brick wall, which the judge built as a receptacle for the large boilers he intends using in the construction of his flying machines. The lack of means is his only impediment, but he goes on day in and day out, never showing the least sign of discouragement.

The airship is not the judge's only hope of reaching the moon. As soon as he can raise sufficient means he will build a large cannon, and into that cannon he is to put a smaller one and continue placing cannon in cannon until they have reached one that will hold a man comfortably.

In firing these cannons the judge is going to use dynamite, and they are to be touched off by means of electricity.

Judge Fenley says if he fails to reach the moon by means of his airship he will beyond doubt go up by means of the cannons. He is to place himself in the smallest cannon and fire them in succession.

"By that means," says the old man, "I can reach the moon in 10 or 12 days, traveling at the rate of 10,000 miles an hour and allowing for a variation of the course. When I get beyond the gravitation of this earth, I will be attracted to the other planet by gravitation."

He has written a history of Russellville, which he sells on the streets when he is in town. This history is said by some to be very good and wonderfully accurate. Most any day he can be seen walking briskly through the streets, with an armful of his books, stopping all whom he meets and trying to sell them one.

"I have become accustomed to being in high places," says the old man, "and I can now stand on any limb that will bear my weight and look down without the least feeling of fear or dizziness."

Het gets old boards and carries them to the tallest trees he can find. He then carries them up one by one and constructs a rude platform. In this elevated station he spends most of his time.

He takes great delight in standing on the very edge of the platforms and in climbing to the most dangerous places he can find. Few boys can equal him in climbing, and his agility is remarkable for one of his years.

Upon being asked how he expected to breathe when he leaves the earth and launches into space he replied:

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that. I will take plenty of 'mashed down' air along with me. Of course I will have to make calculations as to how much I will consume on my voyage and make plenty allowance for errors in distance."

It is reported that he was once a lawyer of good standing, but whether or not this is true is not known, as his life is a mystery.

No man need try to follow him in his wanderings through the woods, for he desires to be alone to observe and meditate, and one might as well try to follow an untamed animal.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BOTH FOUND WIVES.

A Double Wedding Which the Preacher Celebrated by "Setting 'Em Up."

A Mr. Godwin of Camilla and S. A. Davis of Pelham, Ga., both towns being in the same county, were last week visiting John Burgess of Bowen, in Powell county, this state. Mr. Godwin married a sister of the wife of Mr. Burgess, but she died a few years since, and on Thursday of last week he remarked to his host that he wouldn't mind marrying again if he could get some one to suit him. Mr. Burgess replied that he knew a lady in the town who would suit him, and Godwin said he would go and see her. Friday morning he spruced up some and went over to see the lady, who during the day consented to change her name to Godwin. Returning to the home of Mr. Burgess, he informed him of his success, when Mr. Davis, being thus encouraged and feeling lonely under the circumstances, concluded that he also would like to marry. Mine Host Burgess, ever ready to accommodate his visitors, told him that he could find him a helpmate also, at the same time stating her name and where she could be found.

Saturday Mr. Davis repaired to the residence of the lady named, and after some commonplace talk and an explanation of his mission she, too, agreed to wed a Georgian. Preparations were made for the event, and on Monday night the two couples were duly installed into the matrimonial harness. The bridegrooms, being much elated at their matrimonial success, set 'em up to the crowd to the extent of a gallon of red liquor each, and quite a jollification was held. On Tuesday morning the preacher was paid his fee for the double services, and he, too, set 'em up to the crowd for a drink all round to those in the barroom.—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

An Odd Lawsuit.

Mme. Wagner has just won one of the oddest of lawsuits. At Baireuth last year, as a piece of pleasantry on the anniversary of the birth of her son Siegfried, she composed some verses and tied them to the necks of her five pet dogs. These verses got into the possession of a Baireuth newspaper, and they were published, provoking much amusement, particularly when the lines were reprinted in the French newspapers. Mme. Wagner's only remedy was to sue for breach of copyright. The courts assessed the damages at $6.

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Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERman Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.
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SPECIMENS OF WIT.

SOME HISTORIC FLASHES OF SPONTANEOUS HUMOR.

Not a Few European Sovereigns Have Been Fond of and Given to Repartee. Clever and Brutal Jests Passed Among Englishmen of Long Ago.

Generally speaking, the strong have refused to put up with jesting from the weak. The Czar Nicholas, who had some fine qualities, was hardened against a meditated act of clemency by the undaunted spirit of a prisoner. Relieff, a man of letters, had been implicated in the conspiracy of 1825 and sentenced to be hanged. He was launched from the fatal ladder, when the rope broke and he was thrown to the ground, severely bruised, but conscious. He picked himself up and said quietly, "They can do nothing in Russia, not even twine a cord properly." It was customary in Russia to pardon the condemned after a similar fiasco, but on Relieff's words being reported to the czar and his pleasure demanded he replied, "Prove him the contrary."

Henry VIII, with all his violence and tyranny, could bear with a retort as well as give one, for he loved wit. When it was told him that the pope had sent the cardinal's hat to Fisher, bishop of Rochester, he said, "He may have the hat, but he shall have no head to wear it with," and the bishop was brought to the block. On one occasion the turbulent Earl of Kildare was brought before the king, charged with setting fire to the cathedral of Cashel. "I own it," said the earl, "but I never would have done it had I not believed the archbishop was in it." Henry laughed and pardoned the culprit. His bitterest enemy was the bishop of Meath, who accused him to Henry of divers misdeeds and closed his arraignment with, "Thus, my liege, you see that all Ireland cannot govern the earl."

"Then," said the perverse monarch, "the earl shall rule all Ireland," and instantly made him lord deputy because his good humor equaled his valor.

Elizabeth resembled her father in her willingness to put up with retorts from saucy subjects and to pay them back in kind, not always with the greatest refinement. The little scene with the ill fated Earl of Essex, when she boxed his ears for insolence and he laid his hand on his sword, saying that he would not take such treatment even from her father, is familiar to every one.

Going back to still earlier dates, we constantly find the imperious Plantagenet kings giving and receiving retorts that bear witness of great independence among some of their powerful subjects. It was Edward I who, on the refusal of the "Black Dog of Warwick" to join the king with vassals and supplies for war, said, "Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang." The retort was, "Sir Rex, I will neither go nor hang."

Henry IV of France was good natured above most monarchs in repartee. As a rule, it is impossible to reproduce in conventional English dress the jests of this wise and witty king. On one occasion it was the turn of M. d'Aubigne to sleep in the king's antechamber. Fancying the monarch was asleep, he began to talk to M. de la Force, who shared his watch, saying, "Your master is the most ungrateful of men." La Force, half asleep, asked him what he was talking about, when Henry cried out: "Wake up! He is telling you I am the most ungrateful of men."

"Pray go to sleep, sire," interrupted D'Aubigne. "We have a great deal more to say about you." Henry never showed less kindliness to his servant on account of what he had overheard.

But the cynical generosity of Frederick the Great is unique. A lackey who owed him a grudge had determined to poison him. One morning he brought in the king's chocolate and appeared visibly troubled in countenance. "What ails you?" said Frederick, looking fixedly at him. "You look as if you had put poison in my food." The wretch fell at his feet and avowed his crime. "Get out of my sight, you scoundrel!" said Frederick and took no further notice of the man's attempt to murder him.

A delicate compliment is a work of far higher art than the most biting sarcasm. Every one knows the story of the poor creature who found himself seated between Mme. Recamier and Mme. de Stael, and managed to offend them both by saying that he sat between wit and beauty, and was crushed by the retort of Mme. de Stael that he possessed neither. The court of Louis XIV was the school where this art was brought to perfection. The flattery offered to the king by the men of genius was at once coarse and exquisite. Witness the inimitable reply of Mignard, who was painting the king's portrait for the tenth time, when Louis asked him, "Do I look older?"

"I see a few more campaigns on the brow of your majesty."

One of Louis' marshals, Bassompierre, was great at repartee. He had spent ten years in the Bastille, and on emerging his majesty asked him his age. "Fifty, sire." To the surprised look of the king the marshal added, "I don't count the ten years I passed in the Bastille, because I did not spend them in your majesty's service."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

He Must Do Something.

An inhabitant whose heels were striking sparks from the pavement as he walked entered the waterworks office, selected his clerk and fiercely announced, "Sir, you can send up and take your old gas meter out of my house."

"This is not the gas office."

"It isn't?"

"No, sir. This is the waterworks office."

"Oh, it is? Well, then, send up and turn the water off! I'm not going to walk 1½ miles for nothing."—New York Dispatch.

The first European mention of barley is on the medals of Metapontis, an Italian town, B. C. 600.

DECALOGUE FOR ANIMALS.

Ten Rules Adopted by the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty.

First.—No one has a right to keep animals, either for use or pleasure, unless he is able and willing to provide them with whatever is necessary for their health and happiness. No animal can be healthy or happy unless it is kindly treated, comfortably lodged, regularly fed, supplied with water and afforded opportunities of recreation.

Second.—Kind and gentle treatment is due to all animals and need not interfere with firmness in governing them. Animals are often thought to be ill tempered or obstinate when they are really suffering from some pain or irritation the cause of which is not seen, but which may be soothed by patience and quietness. If you try to find out what is the matter with an animal before you punish him, you will probably find that there is no reason to punish him. Be careful to remove anything that causes fear. Animal are often terrified by things that men hardly observe. If they are punished, their terror is only increased. Nothing will quiet them so soon as gentle talk and caressing. Kindness will win the confidence of any animal, and an animal which confides in its keeper is easily managed. If you want your horse to work well, take good care that his harness does not chafe him.

Third.—All animals require sunshine, and their dwellings should have a southerly or westerly aspect if possible, but they should always have access to shade when they desire it. Stables, sheds, coops and cages should be well drained, well lighted and well ventilated, but never drafty. Different animals require different temperatures. A humane owner will prevent much suffering by learning the degree of heat and cold which the animal is enabled by nature or habit to endure. Every stable yard, cage, kennel and bed should be kept thoroughly clean.

Fourth.—Every animal should have as much solid food daily as it will eat up clean, but no more than it will consume. Stale food is unwholesome. It should be removed early in the morning and replaced by a fresh supply. Nocturnal animals should be fed at sunset. Be careful to give all animals as much variety of food as possible and let it be as nearly as possible the food which the animal would use in a state of nature. Animals which are regularly fed on grain ought to have frequent supplies of green food.

Fifth.—Every animal should have an abundant supply of pure water for drinking. Vessels used for food or water should be washed daily and should be wiped dry before refilling. Iron troughs or plates lined with porcelain are the best, being clean, cheap and durable.

Sixth.—Bathing is necessary to the health and comfort of many animals. Cage birds ought to be allowed to bathe daily, and a separate vessel, adapted to their size, should be supplied for that purpose. Some birds delight in dust baths. A working horse should be allowed every day to roll on the grass, or better, perhaps, on sawdust.

Seventh.—Animals as well as men are happier and better for reasonable recreation. Whenever it is possible they should have it. The horse should be allowed an opportunity to run at large. Dogs, especially in cities, should be taken out to run freely. Even cage birds are immensely pleased if they are allowed to leave the cage for an hour or so every day.

Eighth.—When an animal is sick, see that it is kept quiet and unmolested, and that its treatment is unusually gentle.

Ninth.—When it is certain that an animal will die, always secure the services of a humane and experienced person to destroy it in the quickest and least painful way, and when it dies never fail to bury it at once.

Tenth.—Try to make the world as happy a world as possible for any creature in your charge.

The "Great Swallower."

As a swallower of objects larger than his own diameter the boa is nowhere in comparison with the Chiasmodon niger, or great swallower, a species of deep water fish which is in several respects the most wonderful representative of the finny tribe.

In his natural state (the condition in which he is found before dining would probably more correctly express the meaning intended here) chiasmodon has a body remarkably elongated for a fish of his size and is of nearly uniform thickness from head to tail. The voracious creature pays no attention to the size of its prey when he starts on a foraging expedition and is just as likely to seize upon a fish of a dozen times his own bulk and weight as any other kind. His jaws are very long, and, like those of some species of serpents, which feed upon prey of a greater diameter than themselves, are without base hinges. His manner of feeding is to seize a fish by the tail and work his mouth, which is studded with sharp teeth pointing backward, over his victim's body. The "great swallower" is well named, for he has been found with fish in his maw which were twleve times as bulky and weighty as himself. His rapacity often causes his death, the gas formed by the process of digestion making a balloon of his body and allowing it to rise to the surface. Those well up in piscatorial lore say his natural habitat is 1,500 feet below the surface. This being the case, rising to the surface is almost certain to cause his gasbag of a stomach to burst, with fatal results.—St. Louis Republic.

Seven Meals a Day.

Max O'Rell says that the Australians eat seven times a day. Tea and bread and butter at 7, breakfast at 8:30, lunch at 11, dinner at 1:30, tea at 8, supper at 6 and a nightcap at 10. Tea is the standard drink, and there are few hours in the day when the teapot is not brought into requisition. The only people who can compare with the Australians in drinking tea are the Irish, who keep the teapot boiling on the stove all day long.

TWO MASCULINE GIRLS.

Speculations About Them by the Other Passengers In the Car.

It was their brief, uncrinolined dress skirts that drew the eyes of the up to date girl. A messenger boy tried to figure out how their hair staid up with nothing so feminine as hairpins in evidence. The manlike cuffs peeping above the dogskin gloves attracted the attention of a business man, while a dude started as he caught sight of their well built boots. Even the conductor stared hard at them.

One of the girls was not so far gone in her masculinity as the other. The twist of velvet in her hat showed a lingering leaning toward the feminine, but the eyeglasses, the umbrella and the armful of books were common to both. All unconscious of the interest they inspired, the two buried themselves in their notebooks. The more masculine planted her feet well apart and used her knees as an umbrella rack. This didn't enhance the grace of her abbreviated dress skirt. Every now and then she flourished a liberal handkerchief that was in curious contrast to the lacy shred tucked into the up to date girl's cardcase. "Who and what were they anyway?" the passengers asked themselves.

"Women suffragists," thought the business man.

"Some of those dreadfully strong minded creatures that want to vote," said the up to date girl to herself.

"Jingo! All they need is trousers," was the mental remark of the messenger boy, while the dude's feeble brain registered some such impressions as these: "Aw—I've heard of such—aw—women, dontcherknow—but, thank goodness, I've never—aw—never weally seen one—aw—met"—

Just here the more masculine girl looked up from her notebook.

"Do you think disintegration in typhus possible?" she asked her companion in loud, clear tones.

"Why, yes," replied the other. "If we accept the globular theory, you know."

The mystery was solved. They were medical students. All the other passengers drew a sigh of relief, except the dude. He had vanished into thin air.—New York Sun.

GRIZZLY WHIPPED BY A COW.

Bossy Roused to Terrible Rage In Defense of Her Offspring.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand to hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayers, a Colorado stockman, to a writer for Dumb Animals, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scrtch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her firstborn, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle shed had a thatched roof and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

"One night a bear, having smelled the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, bunting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance.

"It turned out to be a good sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage."

Too Considerate.

Pat Hooligan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within 25 feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Sthand from undher!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whisky was used, and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he didn't hold out longer, he feebly replied:

"Oi wuz afraid the wire'd break!"

He recovered.—New York Dispatch.

Like a Scotch Verdict.

Chancellor Henry Bathurst was held in low esteem by the bar on account of his ignorance. At the close of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy he gravely addressed her grace in the following terms: "Madam, the lords have considered the charge and evidence brought against and have likewise considered of everything which you have alleged in your defense, and upon the whole matter their lordships have found you not guilty of the felony wherewith you stand charged, but on dismissing you their lordships earnestly exhort you not to commit the same crime a second time."—Green Bag.

He Didn't Catch On.

"May I—may I kiss those ruby lips?"

"Sir! Do not think of such a thing for one moment!"

"Well, I—I could hardly help asking. I beg your"—

"Don't you think, Mr. Hoppy, that one moment is up by this time?"—New York Recorder.

King Alfred once gave eight hides of land for a book. There were about 960 acres in the tract, but the title of the book is not given.

GRANDMOTHER'S DOLLARS.

What Her Descendants Might Have Had In Interest From Them.

A woman recently died in a neighboring town, and besides a granddaughter and her cynical husband she left a few relatives and $80 in gold, with other things. The woman was over 95 when she died, and the $80 included her wedding presents. Like many persons in those days, she held fast to the shining eagles and had had them for nearly 77 years. When she died, of course the birds were distributed among the heirs. The cynical husband, who was married to the old lady's favorite granddaughter, mused upon the $80 in gold and stripped his thoughts of all sentiment as he speculated in his mind what might have been. He is not quite through figuring yet, and his constant query is, if grandmother had only put that $80 in the bank when she first got it, what a clutch of golden eagles we would have now! He mused on this as he got ready on cold mornings to go to work, and his favorite topic of thought was suggested as he jingled a nickel and a bunch of keys looking for his car fare. Then he began to figure that money at 6 per cent double in about 11 years, and he lost sleep as he thought how many times 11 years went into 77 years. When the cynical husband finally referred the question of his losses to a bank man, he learned that in 50 years the $80 in gold would have amounted to $1,473.60. Without figuring any further on the problem, the bank man said he would easily consider that $10,000 was lost by saving the $80.

It is not an unusual thing in some of the old banks to have an account doubled many times over and over again. One day last week in the Worcester county institution for savings an account was reckoned at $214.03 which originally was but $10.65. Nothing has ever been added to or taken from the bank account, and it was left to accumulate. It took about 50 years for the original sum to gather all that moss. There was another instance in the same bank where thirty-one times the original sum was paid to a depositor. No one wonders that somebody discovered and said that money makes money.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

BULWER'S ODDITIES.

The Fight That He Made Against All Signs of Old Age.

Bulwer's appearance was decidedly what is generally understood by "aristocratic," or what the French call "distingue." Tall, slim, with finely cut features, prominent among which was a long aquiline nose, with an abundant crop of curly brown hair and a full beard, the first impression he produced, aided by a careful toilet, was one of ease and elegance. At a dinner table, where he liked to speak, and, if possible, to speak alone, he was certainly useful as well as ornamental, with his large blue ribbon and star of the Order of the Bath. There was a certain naivete, strange as that word may sound when applied to so confirmed a man of the world, in his vain and very apparent struggle against the irresistible encroachments of age. He did not give in with that philosophical resignation which might have been expected of one so clever and in some respects so wise. He fought against it tooth and nail. Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and his face looked as if art had been called in to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris had pretended to cure his growing deafness, a constant source of legitimate grief to him. He was radiant one autumn on his return to town because he thought he was cured, but not for long. The copious use of snuff was no doubt part of the attempted cure, of which the most palpable results were large dark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, quite out of harmony with his otherwise elegant toilet. His expressions of regret at his impaired digestive organs had something ludicrous about it. He would point with a sigh to a rosy cheeked American apple and say, "To think that there are people who can eat that!"

One of his physical infirmities—his deafness—proved a bar to his ambition. He was sorely disappointed when Lord Beaconsfield, instead of including him in his last cabinet, "kicked him up stairs" into the house of lords, principally because he could not follow the debate.—Rudolph Lehman's "Recollections."

Mrs. Hearst Gives a Library to a Town.

The free use of perhaps the finest and best appointed library and reading rooms in the whole northwest was presented, with appropriate ceremonies, to the citizens of the town of Lead, S. D., on Christmas night by Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst of California. The library and reading rooms occupy the third floor of a new hall recently erected by the Miners' union at a cost of $100,000 and contain in addition to a well selected stock of literature, embracing the leading periodicals of Europe and America, all of the paraphernalia necessary to play the popular games now in vogue. Once a fortnight a free musical recital will be given in the main reading room, Mrs. Hearst having employed a librarian with exceptional musical talent and sent, with the furniture, a magnificent piano for that purpose.—Chicago Tribune.

Moisture and Temperature.

A cubic foot of air at the temperature of zero (Fahrenheit) can contain only .5 of a grain of water vapor; at 32 degrees it can hold 2.13 grains; at 65 it can contain 6.8 grains, and at 98 it can hold 18.96 grains of moisture in suspension. These figures go to show that summer air can hold at least nine times the quantity of dampness that air can when reduced to the temperature of freezing.—St. Louis Republic.

India rubber is recovered from shoes by treating with diluted sulphuric acid and afterward steaming the finely ground product under a pressure of six atmospheres. The steaming process seems to effect a devulcanization by oxidation.

HELEN'S TIMID LOVER.

And How the News of Her Engagement Was Broken to Him.

She had a belief in her charms which never wavered, but sometimes she prattled too much for her own good. She pounced upon a friend in the dressing room at a reception.

"How awfully nice you are looking!" she said. "Do you know, I just dread to go down stairs."

"I don't see why. Those sleeves are enough to make a bride envious."

"Yes, but do you know if Harry Sweeting is here tonight?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you see, I accepted Curtis today."

"But what has that to do"—

"Oh, dear! Everything. I am afraid that he will feel just awfully, and I'm so tender hearted that"—

"Did you see this morning's paper?"

"No. Were a lot of bargains advertised? You see, I had a note from Curtis by the first mail. He said he would call in the afternoon, and I was so busy getting ready that I never thought of the paper. But about Harry. He has been coming down our street twice a day for the last six months. At first he would just pass on the other side of the street, pretending not even to glance at our house"—

"Oh, he was"—

"Timid? That was it. I felt really touched by such silent devotion, and after that I would often tap on the window and call him over, but he would be so nervous and ill at ease all the time. Why, he would not even look at me, but keep glancing down the street all the time. By the way, he must have passed your house; did you ever see him?"

"No. He never passed. He"—

"Must have stopped in at his uncle's in the middle of the block."

"But, Helen, a man who"—

"Yes, as you say, a man who is really in love is always shy. Poor fellow, I hope he will not feel that I have trifled with his affections."

"Oh, no. He"—

"Oh, he never would really blame me, I know, but the doglike, speechless affection is really very touching."

"Oh, Helen, I'm so sorry"—

"Yes, I'm sorry for him too. I really can't tell him of my engagement. Couldn't you manage to tell him gently for me?"

"Why, certainly. I'll tell him right away."

"Do, if you see him. Are you going down now? Au revoir, then."

"Oh, Helen," called another girl. "I suppose Fanny was telling you of her engagement, wasn't she? When is the wedding to be?"

"Is Fanny engaged?"

"Yes, the morning paper announced it. She's taken Harry Sweeting at last, and I'm glad of it. I'm tired of seeing him pass every day on his way to her house. Aren't you going down now? I should think you would want to show that lovely gown."

But Helen only wanted to go away into the desert and hide.—Chicago Tribune.

Growing Miniature Trees.

It is vastly interesting to experiment with an acorn and study its possibilities as an attractive window garden plant. One of the most popular methods of starting it into growth is to suspend it by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass. It should be permitted to remain suspended in this manner without being disturbed, and after a time it will burst and throw a root into the water and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this manner in the window is a very interestng object. Several oak trees and also a chestnut tree have been noticed growing thus, but they are liable to die after a few months, probably owing to the fact that the water is not changed often enough to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it, but the interest displayed in the short lived little trees is well worth the trouble of experimenting.—Philadelphia Record.

Solomon's Temple.

"These stories about the beauty of the temple at Jerusalem must be taken with a grain of salt," said Dr. Solomon Schindler. "We must remember that at no time were there more than 50,000 or 60,000 people in Jerusalem, and that they lived in small, low roofed huts and had narrow streets, and that their surroundings were anything but beautiful. The temple was not larger than Mechanics' hall nor more beautiful than the Park Street station, but to people who had such surroundings as the Jews at that time such buildings would be things of great beauty by comparison. We must judge all things by comparison."—Boston Herald.

An Original Race War.

"Were you ever in a race war, Uncle Jim?"

"Only one time, suh."

"Well, how was it?"

"Hit was dis way, suh: I had de turkey gwine 'long en wuz des ez quiet ez could be, but somehow de dog got wind of it, en me en him had de big road fnr 'bout a mile, but we finally compermised it."

"And how was that?"

"Oh, I des give de dog de turkey en a pa'r er britches!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Cuttlefish.

The phosphorescent organs of a rare cuttlefish (histioteuthis) from deep water have been investigated by Joubin. It comprises what the author calls a mirror and an apparatus for producing light. The mirror is excited by heat rays, and this, in turn, starts the phosphorescence to action.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A bronze shield, with central boss, a large copper chaldron, bronze knives and several vases were among the treasures found by Schliemann in the ruins of Troy.

DINNER A LA RUSSE.

Food Served From a Side Table—Flowers and Conversation.

Dinner a la Russe—although for the matter of that it might be dinner a l'Anglais, a l'Italien, with just as good reason—in spite of its rather fashionable name, is really a very simple performance. It merely means that, instead of having the various dishes composing the repast all put upon the table at once, they are placed on a a side table and served from there by the servant, who passes each in turn. This affords a chance for some decoration upon the table. There is usually some sort of embroidered centerpiece. The chances are that it was achieved by one of the lovely daughters or even by the lady of the house herself, and it is always wise to remark upon the elaborateness of the stitch or the beauty of the design if you are a guest en famille. That not only calls out the history of the centerpiece and makes conversation, but lays up treasures for you in heaven and establishes your reputation for good taste and appreciation of the truly beautiful.

On this centerpiece a bowl of flowers is commonly placed. In establishments where money is no object orchids, alamandas, rare ferns and the newest, costliest roses appear and are changed from day to day. But daisies and clover can be arranged just as effectively and cost nothing but the trouble of gathering them, while in the winter there are jardinieres of pierced silver, which can be filled with maidenhair or some other delicate fern, and with a little care kept green and thrifty for weeks. The old fashioned coasters used as stands for decanters are often utilized in this way, for any tinsmith can make a lining for them in which plants will grow like a green bay tree. The effect of flowers on the table can hardly be calculated. They have more charms than music to soothe the savage breast, and any sentimentalist of your acquaintance can tell of instances where a glass bowl of nasturtiums tastefully arranged before him has so wrought on the feelings of paterfamilias that he has said not a word about the overdone mutton or the soggy under crust of his apple pie.

If your table be a dream of beauty, you will not require half such a hearty meal. The entire company will be so wrapped up in admiring the scheme of color and the originality of your combinations that no one will be aware of the smallness of the portions you serve. Fully half the expense of your posies will thus be saved at the outset, so that they commend themselves to economists as well as to æsthetes.—Boston Herald.

Time and Speed.

Infinite time is difficult to grasp. Distance is more easily understood, and some things which Sir Robert Ball has to say about the distance of the stars from us will assist us in comparing them to the sun. Of these the most striking is Arcturus, and Dr. Elkin has put this star at such a distance from the solar system that the orbit of the earth round the sun must seem from Arcturus as large as would a penny piece seen at 100 miles. Arcturus, in other words, is perhaps a dozen times as far off from us as Procyon is, and Procyon, one of the nearest bright stars, is 1,000,000 times the distance of the sun from us.

But the marvelous thing about Arcturus is its movement. It has, comparatively speaking, a very distinct "proper motion" across the sky, though not as large as some stars. Lately, however, the spectroscope has ascertained for us the pace of stars along the line of sight, and Arcturus travels, it is now believed, at the rate of 380 miles a second. Such speed as this is truly terrific, and we may well ask where this furious star is hurrying to. As Arcturus, ten generations hence, will not have moved to the eye by as much as the diameter of the moon, we shall have plenty of opportunity of discussing the question.—London Spectator.

One on Billy Florence.

"One of the best on Billy Florence," said an old stager, "was played on him as late as 1888 by some of the boys at the St. James hotel. Billy was an ardent Republican and valued his standing as a party man. You know, he never forgave his old friend, President Arthur, for considering his candidacy for consul general at London a joke. Well, when Blaine came back from Europe, and there was a great hullabaloo about the uncrowned king, the boys sent Billy a formal letter from the committee of arrangements appointing him chairman of the subcommittee of reception on behalf of the actors, artists and auctioneers requesting his check for $50 and his presence on the steamer Sloan at 6 o'clock in the morning to go down and welcome Blaine. Billy bit slowly, but finally swallowed the bait, hook and all. He sent his check for $50 to the designated person, and not until three days after, when he had eaten a dinner given him by the boys who put up the joke on him and paid for with his own $50, did he find out how he had been fooled. His only consolation was that he got up too late to be on the steamer Sloan at the appointed hour."—Major Handy in New York Mail and Express.

Hairs Six Feet Long.

In 1880 Philip Hansen, a planter residing near Corinth, Miss., was believed to be the possessor of the longest beard of any man in the world. He is said to have sent the Washington Anthropological society single hairs plucked from his chin which measured 72 inches in length.

Had Held Out Remarkably.

Mrs. Houser—I suppose you'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Tunglash's mind is completely gone.

Houser—Not a bit. I've heard her give Tunglash a piece of it so often I've wondered at it lasting as long as it has.—Buffalo Courier.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.—Holmes.

SMASHING TRADITION

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY ARE NOT DANGEROUS.

James A. Bailey Says Any One Can Safely Enter and Leave a Cage Full of Lions and Tigers, and Any Man Who Knows the Cues Can Put Them Through Their Acts.

Said Mr. James A. Bailey recently: "It is the general belief all over the world that a man who goes into a den of wild carnivorous beasts takes his life in his hands, and that each time he does so and escapes unharmed he has won by a lucky chance. Some persons believe that if the trainer who handles the animals in their acts were to turn his back upon them for a single instant they would leap upon and devour him. Others again believe that the lions and tigers only wait an opportunity for concerted action to destroy their keeper, while there are still others who declare that it is only through the power of the human eye that the beasts are held in subjection. To all of these opinions and beliefs and as a final answer to all questions on the subject I wish to state here and now that there is no danger whatever to any person entering a cage of wild beasts. Such a statement, however, will scarce be believed without some further explanation and proof.

"It is a fact that many men have been maimed and some killed by lions and tigers in menageries and zoological gardens throughout the world, but in every case, I venture to say, the causes leading to such accidents and deaths were of their own making. Unmerited or too severe punishment is the most frequent cause. Nearly all animals, no matter how small and insignificant, will turn and fight when cornered and in fear of their lives. A cat will make a desperate and determined fight if so placed that it cannot escape from what it believes is a dangerous enemy. Just so with larger cat animals. And nearly all of the accidents that have occurred have been brought about by the brutality of trainers who, having lost temper, have pursued to extremes an animal that did not understand what was wanted of it. Trainers of the present day, however, have come to realize this, and accidents are of rare occurrence. And I maintain that any man or woman, an entire stranger to the animals, can go in with them and in perfect safety.

"A case in point comes to my mind. A few years ago I employed an innocent sort of German to work in the menagerie, and one of the first tasks assigned to him was cleaning the lions' den. Instead of taking an iron scraper and working through the bars as customary, he took a broom, opened the iron door, went in the cage and began to sweep the floor. When a lion got in his way, he would punch it with the broom and tell it in German to got away, and it did so. The man repeated his experience every day and was never harmed. I now make this positive statement—that in both the handling and training of these animals there is no more danger than attends the training of a domestic animal. The snarling and growling of the beasts are no more indicative of a desire to claw and devour than is expressed in the bark or snarl of a canine house pet or the hiss of a sleek tabby when its tail is stepped upon. The big brutes may growl and crouch about their cages, look dangerous and act ferociously and all that, but I contend, and experience has taught me that my belief is correct, that it is only through a desire to escape from the man rather than to attack him.

"It takes time and patience, more than any one not in the business can imagine, to perfect the training of these animals, and every trainer has a method of his own. I would further explain that trained animals will not perform the tricks taught them until the cue is given them. Even trained horses, which are supposed to have great intelligence, will only go through their performances when the ringmaster supplies the cue, whatever it may be. Sometimes it is a motion of the whip, at others a step backward or forward, when instantly the animal will respond. Now, all that is necessary for any one to put through his performances any kind of trained animal or number of them is for him to know when to give the proper cue.

"I do not believe the animals know one trainer from another unless one has been with them for a long time, for when some of my trainers have been taken sick, been discharged or for other causes have left my service the trained animal part of my show has not been interrupted, but has gone on just the same, a new man having been substituted, and it is safe to say that the animals never knew the difference between the men. I have changed the men as often as five times in a season, and one man has put the beasts through their tricks quite as well as another. Any person who will enter the arena fearlessly and confidently can take the trainer's whip and make the animals perform as well as a person who has handled them for months, provided always he knows what tricks the beasts are required to do and can supply the cues.

"I am aware that this statement may appear to most people extraordinary, because it is at variance with their preconceived notions concerning the brutal nature of all wild beasts, but I am firm in my belief and have no hesitation in making it public."—New York Sun.

A Judicial Reproof.

A Warrington justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your felings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

There is no rigid line between duties to self and duties to others. They melt into one another; they act and react upon each other, and when the right balance between them is destroyed neither can be perfectly fulfilled.

TEXAS LAW FOR TEXANS.

How Judge Culberson Once Won a Case That Seemed Hopeless.

Congressman Dave Culberson, as he is familiarly known in Texas from the Rio Grande to the Red river, is one of the most entertaining members of the house. He is always ready with a witty reply to any law or political question propounded to him by his associates and is the subject of more stories than any member of congress except Thomas B. Reed.

"In 1860, just after Lincoln had been elected president," said an old friend of Judge Culberson the other day, "there was a neighborhood quarrel betweeen two citizens in Upshur county, Tex The southern question was at fever heat, and the feeling was very strong on both sides. Each side of the case, of course, was anxious to get the verdict. The defendant went to Jefferson and engaged Culberson, who was then rising to distinction as a bright lawyer. Dave's client didn't have any case, the evidence being all against him; but, true to his trust, as he always is, Culberson determined to make the best fight he could for him. When the trial came off, it turned out that the other fellow had employed a smart young saddlebag lawyer from Maryland, just located in Texas.

"Culberson had the opening speech and made a good defense for his client under the circumstances. When the Marylander replied in behalf of his client, he produced a vast array of authorities, from which he read in support of his case. When the young man closed, Culberson picked up one of the books from which the opposing counsel had been reading and said: 'If your honor please, this young brother of the profession has been reading for your instruction Massachusetts law. This book is printed in Boston. It is "Greenleaf on Evidence." We don't want Massachusetts law to govern us in Texas. I have been giving you genuine Texas law, made by our own people.'

"'What's that?' asked the judge sharply, 'been imposing on the court with Yankee law?'

"'Yes, sir, your honor,' said Culberson; 'he has been reading from this book, which was printed in Boston, Mass.'

"'Pass it over this way,' said the surprised court, looking at the fly leaf. Then he said:

"'Mr. Culberson, the court finds that you are correct. It is a Boston print, and we don't want any of it here. No abolition law for Upshur county, and the court will be d——d if we will have it.'

"To the supreme disgust of the young lawyer the court continued as follows: 'Sir, upon the evidence of the case I dismiss the suit against Dave Culberson's friend and fine the plaintiff $1 and costs and his lawyer $5 for contempt of court. Now, young man, let that serve as a warning to you how you try to practice abolition law in this state!'

"Culberson's client set up the dinner, and the young Maryland lawyer was one of the first men to enlist in the war. He wanted to whip Massachusetts for the loss of his first case."—Washington Post.

A GOOD NIGHT ALARM CLOCK.

Of Assistance to Young Men Who Find It Hard to Take Their Departure.

A young man stood in the portico of an apartment house in Washington park, Brooklyn, the other evening, and on the step above him stood a pretty girl. It was late, and the street was deserted. Despite the darkness it was apparent to the occasional passerby that the young man had the daintily gloved right hand of the young woman within his own, while his left hand rested over it like a cover to keep it guarded. The young man was apparently trying to say good night, and the young woman evidently could not hear him, for she was bending her head close to his. They stood in that attitude for nearly 15 minutes and might have been discovered in the same pose by the gray dawn of the morning had not something intervened.

That something was round and bright, and it came out of a sixth story window. It descended slowly, the moonlight shimmering on its silvery surface and making it conspicuous. Soon it could be seen that it was a string and was being lowered by an elderly woman. When it dangled over the portico, there was a sudden burr-r-r-r-r-r-r-ring, and the young man and young woman parted like an overstrained hawser. The young man seized the round and bright object, which was still ringing, and held its face to the electric light. The hands on the alarm clock were clasped at midnight. He raised his hat to the young woman, murmured a few words in a low tone and disappeared. The alarm clock was hoisted up quickly, but the young woman was up stairs before it finally reached the open window.—New York Sun.

Her Reward.

A well known character in Paris is an old woman whose breast is literally covered with crosses and decorations, and who is now peacefully engaged as a flower seller. Her name is Jane Bonmere, and her honors were gained in the Crimea, at Rome, Gravelotte and at Orleans. On one occasion she rendered valuable service to her country by swallowing a military dispatch of great importance and so prevented its falling into the hands of the enemy. A woman who has swallowed so much for her country with dispatch should not be allowed to sup sorrow in her old age.—Chicago Herald.

A Bearded Freak.

One of the earliest of the American bearded freaks was Louis Jasper, who lived in southern Virginia at about the time of the close of the Revolutionary war. His beard was 9½ feet long and correspondingly thick and heavy. He could take his mustache between his fingers and extend his arms to their full length, and still the ends of the beards were over a foot beyond his finger tips.

REMEMBER ALAMO.

STORY OF ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC FIGHTS IN HISTORY.

Magnificent Defense of 175 Men Against the Attacks of 4,000—Colonel Bowie, Unable to Stand, Fought With Telling Effect Until the Breath Left His Body.

It is a safe wager that nine out of every eleven boys who are proficient in the use of a bowie knife have not the slightest idea where the instrument got its name.

Colonel Bowie of Texas fame gave the knife its title.

And when one writes of the Texas hero one must needs think of the battle of Alamo—that heroic fight of which our American boys and girls seem to think so little and half of them know nothing whatever.

They read how the brave soldiers fought and held the pass of Thermopylæ, but they seldom think of how a mere handful of men defended the Alamo mission—how they dropped fighting on their knees and then died facing the foe.

If you should go to the historical city of San Antonio, in Texas, you will see the old mission building standing, with battered, bullet pierced walls, a monument to the 172 heroes of 1836. Behind these walls the most important battle in the war between Mexico and Texas was fought. That was when Santa Anna was president and the Texans were fighting for their independence. Here it was that Colonel Bowie ended his brave life, dying with his boots on and fighting under the most terrible odds. The story is this, and every American child should know it by heart, that he may tell it with pride when other nations are talking of their great deeds:

One hundred and forty-five men under Captain Travis, a young man of 28, were holding the town of San Antonio against General Santa Anna and 4,000 men. They were the only defenders of the town and were ensconced in the old mission of the Alamo. Davy Crockett was also with them and Colonel Bowie, who was wounded and stretched out on his cot. Of artillery they had only 14 pieces.

Santa Anna demanded surrender, but the little garrison held out for ten days, skirmishing secretly for food and water. Every shot sent out of the mission house told, but not one of the Alamo heroes was hurt. Patience and strength, however, were being rapidly exhausted. Some of the little band were falling sick; others were desperate. Re-enforcements had been appealed for, but none had come. Colonel Lamein, with 300 men and four pieces of artillery, had started in answer to the appeal, but had put in somewhere for fresh water and food supplies.

At last Captain Smith joined the exhausted band with 32 men. Three days after General Santa Anna ceased the bombarding, and taking advantage of this Captain Travis called his men into line and frankly owned that there was no earthly hope for them; that he had led them into this thinking that re-enforcements were on the way. He does not utter one word against Lamein for failing him. He simply gives them their choice of deaths. They can surrender and be shot down or be killed fighting out their revenge. The captain drew a line and said, "Every man who is determined to remain here and to die with me will come to me across this line." Every soldier but one crossed at once.

When they finished, Colonel Bowie looked up, with his arm in a sling, and cried: "Boys, don't leave me! Won't some of you carry me across?" And the only backward step they made was to go over the line and carry the colonel to the young captain's side. The man Rose, who was a coward, dropped over the wall into a ditch to tell the tale. And then came the terrible day.

Santa Anna brought all his forces to bear on the fortress. The scaling ladders were again and again raised, but those who placed them were shot down like grain. Four thousand men charging into 175 seemed easy enough, but it soon reduced the 4,000. At last numbers conquered, and the Mexicans climbed over into the Alamo. The little band of defenders were trampled on and beaten, but they dropped to their knees and hacked and shot and pierced until the pile of the dead was awful. Colonel Bowie, too weak to rise from his cot, leans on his elbow and marks his man every time he pulls the trigger. Cut, bleeding, he continues to kill until the pistol drops and the breath leaves his body. Davy Crockett, standing in a corner, fights like a panther, and the young captain, backed against the wall, surrenders only when run through and through.

The great battle is over. The Mexicans have won. Out of the 172 Texans are 172 dead. No Spartans were braver or more tenacious, for they killed 522 of their enemies and wounded 500 more. Texas, though, was finally freed, and whenever great deeds thrill young boys' hearts they should think of that splendid piece of American daring and say, as Houston said to his men, "Remember the Alamo."—St. Louis Republic.

Ambitious.

A well known and popular singing teacher recently received the following letter:

"Will you be good enough to let me know your charge for voice production? I have no singing voice, but I would be willing to pay you well if you can produce one for me, because singers earn a good deal more than I can make in the tripe trade here."—London Answers.

Drumming Up Trade.

The College Trustee—Say, we are in bad luck. Only 25 new students coming in at the next term.

The Head of the College Faculty—Never mind. I'll send the football team and two glee clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year.—Chicago Record.

VILLANELLE.

Down the dear old lane where we always meet,
With its hedges tall and its grassy way,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

The bracken is tall and the wild rose sweet,
And the air is scented with new mown hay,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

In a simple frock, so pretty and neat,
With a face as fresh and fair as the day,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's an old gray stone makes a mossy seat,
With a bank behind, where butterflies stray,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

Daintily tripping on dainty, wee feet,
With an innocent haste that brooks no delay,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's a thrill that quickens my heart's quick beat,
And I fain would think 'twill ever be May.
Down the dear old lane where we always meet
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.
—Holt Shafto in Chambers' Journal.

DEATH'S RED LIGHT.

It Was Waved at an Engineer, Betokening His Mother's Demise.

"The most peculiar case I ever heard of," said a telegraph operator, "occurred in our family. My father was an engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, running into Richmond. One night while quite a distance from the latter city and nearing his run he saw a bright red light on the track several hundred yards ahead. The signal was also seen by his fireman and the front brakeman. The train was at once stopped, but not a trace of the signalman or light could be found, and the track was all right. Father looked at his watch and noted that the time was 8 o'clock. The train pulled out, proceeding cautiously for some distance without meeting any obstruction. Several miles farther the light was again seen. Once more stopping, another search was made, with no more success than before. This happened at 8:28. Father was never superstitious, but this was inexplicable. Much mystified, he proceeded on the way, only to be stopped a third time by the red light at 8:51 o'clock. Another search by the crew failed to disclose the slightest trace of the mysterious signalman. Finally, giving up the search, the men returned to their posts, and the train at last pulled up into Richmond without further mishap.

"When father alighted from the cab, a telegram was handed him announcing the death of his mother. Without delay he went to her home, which was several miles out of the city, on the railroad. Soon after his arrival he learned that a telegram had been sent to him while he was out on duty, summoning him to grandmother's bedside. The time at which father had seen the mysterious red lights was indelibly impressed on his memory, and he learned upon inquiry that at precisely the minute at which the first red light was seen she had asked if he had come. She then repeated the question at the time he saw the second light, and the appearance of the third light was simultaneous with her death."—Richmond Times.

The Writers Froude Liked.

"Whom do you rank as the first of modern English prose writers?" asked Mr. Froude as we were strolling one afternoon in Chelsea. Had Lord Tennyson suddenly demanded to know whom I thought to be the greatest poet of the day I could not have been more dumfounded. Noting my hesitation and perhaps guessing its cause, Mr. Froude quickly added: "Ah! I naturally thought you would say Ruskin, who is certainly a master of descriptive writing, at his best exquisite. Newman, too (and Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree), had lucidity and the gift of irony, but lacked glow and color. To me he is always cold. My own favorite is Charles Lamb."

Seeing that I was greatly interested, he went on to point out the beauties of "Dream Children" and then quoted the lovely passage in "The New Year's Eve" beginning, "And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios." That, he said, was the high water mark of modern English prose, equal to anything of the seventeenth century, "the English as pure and beautiful as that of the liturgy itself."

Mr. Froude was a great admirer of Bret Harte. "Tennessee's Pardner" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" he used to declare were of the immortals. When I once said I feared that Mr. Bret Harte was no longer the fashion, Froude merely replied, "So much the worse for the fashion." In this appreciation of the American story teller, as well as in his affection for Charles Lamb and his respect for Mr. Chamberlain, we see that Froude was no thrall to academic convention.—National Review.

Professional Services.

As two men were looking from an office window on Griswold street the other morning a shriveled up old fellow passed by.

"See that party?" said one. "Well, he's the meanest man in the state."

"Who is he, and why is he so mean?"

"He's a lawyer in one of the interior towns where they have bobtail cars, and one day while he was riding up town a lame man on the car gave him a dime and asked him to pay his fare for him. He did as requested and then wanted to keep the other nickel as a fee for professional services."—Detroit Free Press.

Women's Ages.

Somebody has discovered the curious fact that the reluctance of women to tell their age is no piece of modern sensitiveness. It is as old as the hills. In the Old Testament, although great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded.—New York Times.

Augustus paid for a grouse 30 cents; dove, 24 cents; partridge, 48 cents; duck, 60 cents; fat goose, $3; hare, $2.20 pheasant, $1.60.

No kind of wheat now known exactly resembles that found in the coffins of the old Egyptians.

When it rains cats and dogs, it may fairly be called beastly weather.

BEESWAX CANDLES.

For the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary which occurs on the 2nd day of February of each year. On this day the Church blesses candles for the service of the Holy Mass for the coming year. The candles must be made of Beeswax Those made from other materials cannot be blessed, therefore Catholic families intending purchasing Beeswax Candles for presentation to the Church can purchase them from their grocer or bookstores. In purchasing see that each candle is stamped on side near end **J. A. LENNON**. If your grocer does not keep them he can get them for you. There are dealers that offer candles as Beeswax that look to the eye as the real article but contain little wax and are sold at the price of the beeswax candles to Catholics this quality is worth one-half the price of the real article.

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AMUSING CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Colonel King at Willett's Point Shows Them His Big Magnet.

One day during the recent convention in New York about 100 members of the American Society of Civil Engineers, with their wives and other ladies, visited Willett's Point and spent several hours as guests of Colonel William King, commandant of the post. The post band was brought aboard the steamer, and with music, dancing and feasting an hour was spent merrily.

Colonel King then announced that a few experiments with his large electro-magnet and some submarine explosions would be given for the entertainment of the party.

Beer kegs were substituted for the regular torpedoes, as the latter are too expensive for ordinary experiments, and the kegs serve the purpose as well. Three kegs were exploded at intervals of a few minutes. They contained respectively 165, 150 and 140 pounds of giant powder. The large explosion of the larger charge threw a wooden buoy about 170 feet in the air and made a waterspout nearly 100 feet high.

The attention of the party was next directed to Colonel King's huge gun magnet, which stands on top of the ramparts. The large 15 inch gun, wrapped with a dozen miles of insulated wire, forms the most powerful magnet in the world. The electricity is supplied by a large dynamo. The colonel, who always superintends the experiments, gave orders for the current to be turned on, and the capers of the magnet began. Some of the spectators took spikes and other scrap iron, which they found was perfectly magnetized at a distance of eight or ten yards from the gun, so that when they put two pieces together it was difficult to separate them. They would throw the iron in the air, and it would be attracted with much force to the core of the magnet. The experiment with cannon balls was next shown. Five balls, weighing 350 pounds each, were suspended, one beneath the other, from the muzzle of the gun. The bottom ball hung within a few inches of the ground. Then Lieutenant Morrow stood with his back toward the muzzle of the gun and stuck large bolts and spikes all over his chest. Other scrap iron was also applied and attracted by that which already seemed to cling to his coat. He walked away from the magnet, and he got a considerable distance before the last of the iron which covered his breast dropped to the ground.—Whitestone (N. Y.) Dispatch.

HE'S A HIGH ROLLER.

Young Lord Hope Almost Reaches the Spendthrift Record.

Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope, brother of the Duke of Newcastle and heir presumptive to the dukedom, married the other day Miss May Yohe, the young actress, and this week he has been spending a part of his honeymoon in the frowsy, unromantic precincts of the bankruptcy court. The proceedings showed that he badly needs some one to look after him, and he ought to be thankful he has now got a clever young woman as a wife, who will be able to keep him out of the hands of the Jews if anybody can, which appears to be doubtful. This interesting young aristocrat came of age in 1887, and during the past seven years, although he enjoyed an income of $85,000, he has managed to accumulate debts to the amount of nearly $3,250,000.

This is considered a very fine performance, of which any British nobleman might be proud, and which gets within measurable distance of the record established by that famous rake and gambler, the Marquis of Hastings, more than a generation ago. At first sight it would appear easy even for a young unmarried man, born in the purple, to live with a fair amount of comfort upon $85,000 a year. In fact, Lord Hope declares that he kept well within his income as far as regards actual personal living expenses, but he says he was handicapped at the start with the payment of $215,000 succession duty, and during the seven years he incurred $22,980 liabilities on behalf of others and paid nearly $80,000 interest to money lenders.

These figures are considered quite creditable to the young lord, and he would have passed out of the bankruptcy court as a model young man, without a stain upon either his moral or his business character, had the official registrar been content to inquire no further, but he, having no particular reverence for the duke's brother, had the bad taste to drag into the light of day betting and gambling debts to the extent of $350,000 for the seven years, and debts incurred in theatrical speculations to the tune of $120,000, two items which pretty well indicate the real causes of his lordship's troubles. He might have pleaded that his theatrical losses, if heavy, had at least brought him a handsome, clever wife, but he did not do so, and his affairs stand adjourned for further investigation.—London Letter.

A Long Distance Concert.

An extraordinary concert and ball took place last week in the Hungarian town of Teinesvar. The audience listened by means of telephones distributed around the room to a military orchestra playing in the town of Arad, duets and songs in Szegedin, a chorus by a glee club at Szabadka and popular songs by celebrated artists in three theaters of Budapest. A quartet at Arad was as distinctly heard as the "Rakoczy" march telephoned from Szegedin. Finally the young people present danced for hours to music alternately played in all three towns.

An Anti Antitoxine Crusade.

Opposition to the use of the antitoxine treatment for diphtheria has already taken an organized form in England. A deputation headed by Lord Coleridge has protested to the authorities against its use in the hospitals on the ground that "public money ought not to be devoted to experiments in psychology."

A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR BEER.

Mysterious Temperance Drink In Chicago's New "Home Saloons."

A new drink, wonderful in concoction and mysterious in its chemical analysis, is about to be sprung upon the public by Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church. The bishop is one of the most enthusiastic and resourceful of the workers who have founded and maintained the People's institute. In connection with his proposed enlargement of the scope of the institute work Bishop Fallows recently outlined in The Tribune his plans for establishing a series of "home saloons." The plans have been worked out in detail, and the first two of the saloons are promised to be established within a fortnight. There has been a slight departure from the original plans, and instead of the "home saloons" being all of the same class there will be as many degrees of variation as in the original alcoholic dispensaries. The first ones to be established as an experiment will both be located in the heart of the down town district. One will dispense 5 cent drinks and the other 10 cent drinks. One will cater to the barrel house or grogshop constituency, and the other will compete with the bars where the mirrors are of beveled glass, the bars of mahogany, the drinks 15 cents each, and where the luncheon and side dish of olives is presided over by a white aproned attendant. Both will be opened in large basements, the only difference between the 5 and 10 cent saloon being in the magnificence of the furnishings and the elaborateness of the free lunch. Bishop Fallows said yesterday:

"What puzzled us most was to provide some drink that would take the place of beer. We shall offset whisky, brandy and rum with soda water, chocolate, coffee, mineral waters, malted milk, cocoa, lemonade, etc., but at first there appeared to be no substitute for beer. We resolved to make one. Expert chemists have been at work on the problem for some time, and the solution is at hand. We have a new drink the color of beer and scarcely to be distinguished from it, but of course it is nonalcoholic and nonfermentive. Hops enter into its composition—something that cannot be said of some of the beer sold over Chicago bars. The only difficulty we have yet to overcome is to do away with some of the bitterness imparted to the beer by the hops.

"After much discussion of details we have determined to open saloons in the district where rents are highest and where most people congregate. We feel sure we can demonstrate that the scheme will be a success from a business standpoint. We shall be much disappointed if they do not pay a net profit of 10 per cent. If we demonstrate that, the People's institute will be relieved from a further prosecution of the scheme. Private enterprise and capital will then step in and push the good work. Where the 5 cent drinks are sold there will be reading rooms, plenty of light and heat, toilet rooms, absolute cleanliness and a good susbtantial free lunch on the side. Where the 10 cent drinks are sold, the accommodations will be the same, but there will be more mahogany and plate glass about the bar, and the free lunch will be so elaborate that it will serve for a good substantial meal."—Chicago Tribune.

A BIG EXODUS.

The Scheme of "Peg" Williams of Georgia to Lead 100,000 Negroes to Mexico.

The redoubtable "Peg" Williams of Atlanta, he of the negro exodus fame, has created a small sized sensation in Texas and Mexico by announcing that he would export 100,000 negroes from the southern states to Mexico during this winter. The above information was conveyed to Atlanta last night in a press dispatch, dated at San Antonio, Tex., which also stated that "Peg" had signed a contract on Saturday to furnish a wealthy planting company in Mapiamia, Mexico, 800 laborers, to be obtained from Georgia.

"Peg" Williams is one of the best known railroad men in Georgia, and he has been instrumental in the exportation of more worthy and worthless negroes from this state than any other half dozen men in it. He is known, and intimately, by every prospective darky exoduster in the borders of the state, from the Blue Ridge to Liberty, and to say aught against "Peg" in the hearing of any one of them is to lay yourself liable to trouble.

Did "Peg" mean what he has been telling the people out in Texas? Will he really relieve the south of 100,000 members of its population within a few months, and, if so, how will he do it? Will he colonize and march them to the land of the greaser, or will he send them in specials prepaid all the way through?

"Peg" Williams is known as a hustler, and when he undertakes to do a thing he generally succeeds. If there are 100,000 negroes in the south who want to go to Mexico that have the necessary cash, "Peg" Williams is the man who can carry them. He is resourceful, and if they have the money he can provide transportation for that number and many more.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cent Pieces In the South.

A year or so ago, when the average Savannahian found himself in possession of a copper cent, he felt tempted to flip the little coin into the gutter as a nuisance. Cents were unpopular. Nobody wanted them. Even the newsboys and the bootblacks disdained to waste time in waiting for a cent in change. But things are different now. The little copper coin cuts quite a figure in the city's circulation, and it is as much respected as the more pretentious nickel. Hardly a person fishes up a handful of change in which there is not a plentiful sprinkling of bronze color. The reduced street car fares and the odd cent prices in some of the leading stores have brought about the change, and it is probably a good thing. People have come to understand the value of a cent better than they ever did before.—Savannah News.

DID GRANT A SERVICE

MR. HALL'S ACCOUNT OF AN UNPUBLISHED WAR INCIDENT.

Had a Certain Telegraphic Message Not Been Intercepted Grant Might Not Have Won Fame—Interesting Correspondence Never Before Made Public.

In the history of the rebellion many thrilling incidents have been omitted which would be read with the deepest interest. The war in the beginning was considered by the English as the beginning of the end of the American republic, by Von Moltke as a mere rabble, a riot, which would be insignificant in its results. Yet it proved to be one of the mightiest convulsions in military history, through which the art of war arrived at a higher state of perfection than ever before.

The telegraph became one of the most powerful weapons of the war department, and all Europe copied it. Men were brought into prominence from obscurity and honored with the highest gifts the country could bestow.

Among those most conspicuous was General U. S. Grant. Numerous factions sprang up in opposition to his steady progress, and General Grant, in his memoirs of this time, says many were clamoring for his removal. Even the telegraph was utilized to further the work of opposition, and had not the manager of the Commercial Telegraph offices in Cairo, Ills., assumed the responsibility of intercepting a paid message to a prominent judge and a member of congress in Washington the name of Ulysses S. Grant might have been unknown to history.

In view of substantiating this fact, correspondence never before published will be read with interest:

CAIRO, Ills., April 3, 1863.

Major General U. S. Grant, Commanding Department Tennessee:

SIR—As one loyal to the government and holding the position as manager of the Commercial Telegraph offices of Cairo, I feel it always my duty to arrest anything contraband that may pass through my office, feeling that I shall be both justified and upheld by the government and my country.

With this consideration I have taken upon myself the responsibility of stopping a message, destined for Washington, originating at Paducah, Ky., a copy of which I inclose you, believing it to be contraband from the fact that from its tone he who sends it and perhaps others are working against if not to the injury of the commander of the department. Yesterday (April 2) I consulted Colonel Hill, Thirty-fifth Iowa, a man of good, sound sense, and he justifies my holding the message. This morning I met Major General Hamilton, and he fully approves my course in the matter and advises me to inclose copy of message to you with full particulars and await your instructions.

What led me to notice it was the operator at Paducah informed me he had a private cipher message, not military cipher, which he wanted me to receive and forward to Washington. I refused to receive it in cipher, as none but government messages in time of war are allowed to go by telegraph in cipher.

He then sent it to me in full, as herein inclosed, and although it was approved by the commander of the post at Paducah I still, upon my own responsibility, would not allow it to go through until I had consulted some military men of high authority. I have done so, received their advice and am acting accordingly.

I am now awaiting your instructions, believing you will uphold me in my position in the matter. With the highest respect and esteem I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. HALL,
Manager Commercial Telegraph Offices, Cairo, Ills. Mailed April 4, 1863.

Here is a copy of the dispatch:

PADUCAH, April 2, 1863.

To Judge Green Adams or Hon. S. L. Casey, M. C., Washington:

I got here last night, and, greatly to my surprise, found bills had been struck calling a district convention. I suppressed it for a time at least until Casey could get things fixed up at Washington and then return home at once. We must have our policy foreshadowed before a convention is held.

This department must at once be taken from under General Grant. His every act has been in sympathy with Trimble, Duke & Co. Make Casey's district a separate one and give Colonel Dougherty full control over it. Captain Henry Bartling, Company I, Second Illinois cavalry, who has been here for six months, is a great favorite with Casey's friends, has been ordered off to Vicksburg. Have an order to have him transferred back to this department immediately. I wrote you at length yesterday. Do your part, and we will be certain to do ours.

J. T. BOLINGER.

Approved, H. Dougherty, Colonel Commanding Post.

Check 147—5.98 and 27.06 paid.

This dangerous document once in possession of General Grant, he immediately replied to.

Here is what the general wrote in answer:

MILLIKEN'S BEND, La., April 9, 1863.

W. H. Hall, Esq., Manager Commercial Telegraph Cairo, Ills.:

SIR—Your letter of the 3d inst., inclosing a telegraph from J. T. Bolinger to Judge Green Adams or S. L. Casey, Washington, is just this moment received. I hasten to answer it and to express my approval of the course pursued by you.

You have my hearty thanks for your prompt and decisive action in this matter, notwithstanding the approval of the commanding officer at Paducah to the dispatch. Truly yours,

U. S. GRANT, Major General.

No further trouble emanated from that quarter. A silent but speedy change was effected in Paducah. General Grant's firm determination to do his duty crowned him with success, and soon after the fall of Vicksburg he was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac.—W. H. Hall in New York Herald.

Advantages of Education.

Little Brother—What you studyin so hard?

Little Sister—Synonyms.

Little Brother—What's them?

Little Sister—All sorts o' words that mean the same thing.

Little Brother—What good is they? One word ought to be enough.

Little Sister—Huh! Wait till you get into society. Yesterday Mrs. Newcomer showed me a picture of a baby, and I said it was sweet and lovely and cunning and cute, and I don't know what all. After that she said that wasn't her baby, but somebody else's. Then she showed me a picture of her own baby. And then I had to think up a lot more nice words so she wouldn't feel 'fended. If I hadn't studied synonyms, I'd 'a' jus' died.—Good News.

Out of 4,000 workers in the sulphur mines in Sicily who were examined for the army not 200 could pass muster, which stamps the occupation as the most unhealthful known.

A CITY WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT.

Redhot Elections Every Year, but the Elected Never Qualify.

The town of Humboldt, Kan., is an organized city of the third class, with 1,500 people, and for 18 years there has not been a municipal officer in the town, although the city election has been held every year. Thereby hangs a tale, and as it contains a warning against the voting of bonds and going into debt it should be told.

In the spring of 1870 there was projected south from Junction City to Parsons a railroad called the southern branch of the Union Pacific. Humboldt was not a young town then, but bond voting was the fashion, and Humboldt, which was old enough to know better, voted bonds to the extent of $175,000 for the road. Not satisfied with this debt, in 1876 the town voted $25,000 to the Fort Scott, Humboldt and Western, a road known in the west as the "Old Fifth Parallel." This road was graded from Fort Scott to Humboldt, but it was never equipped. The grade may be seen today by passengers riding along the Missouri Pacific. But the grade did not bring the flood of trade that was expected, and the bonds being sold to the usual "innocent purchaser" the town began to skirmish around the courts to keep from paying an unjust debt. The inevitable came, and in 1876 the town, as a legal corporation, dissolved into thin air.

Then when the officer of the court came to Humboldt in 1876 to compel the mayor to turn over the interest due on the bonds he found that, although there had been a redhot election the spring before, and although there was a man there called mayor, there was in deed and in legal truth no mayor at all.

The situation has remained the same for 18 years. In two years more the debt will be outlawed. Then Humboldt is coming up to breathe the free air once more as a municipal corporation. At present the programme is written upon a "tangled web." Every year the mayor and city council are elected. The old administration retires and the new administration comes in—only it doesn't. It comes to the threshold, but it doesn't enter. It does not "qualify."

The council meets without the oath of office. The mayor is merely chairman of a committee of citizens—the council—and the meetings of the committee are held regularly. Ordinances are passed giving the city marshal and the street commissioner power to keep the town orderly and clean. The council cannot handle any public money. The little money used by the council is raised by private subscription among the residents of the town, and as it doesn't go through any red tape machine and as every one who pays these volunteer taxes knows just how much he pays for everything the money is not squandered. It is, in fact, a business administration. The city marshal is only a fiat functionary. As city marshal he has power to do nothing except scare small boys who throw melon rinds in the alleys and to notify owners of pigpens to clean up, but as constable of Humboldt township he can arrest men and enforce the laws as well as the best policeman in the world.

The street commissioner has no power, save with the consent of the people, whose property he grades up or down. He is a sort of advisory board. The city clerk issues licenses to show which are clearly fiat, and his records of the proceedings of the council would have no weight in any court. None of these appointive officers qualifies. The whole machinery of administration in the little town is carried on by common consent.

The present mayor—the man who was elected, but who has not qualified and will not—is W. T. McElroy, editor of the Humboldt Union. Mr. McElroy has been in the little town for 30 years, and his paper is 29 years old. He thinks when the citizens get out of this hole the man who offers to vote a bond on the town site will be hanged.

He says that the city stands ready to compromise with the "innocent purchasers" of the bonds for exactly what the purchasers are alleged to have paid, 25 cents on the dollar. This proposition, he declares, has been made and rejected several times. Every few months an officer from some court tries to find funds of the extinct corporation in some bank in the country. Not long ago the officer tried Iola. But so far the courts have been unable to get the funds. The little town seems to have the best of the contest, and only time will release it from the trouble.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

LUCK FOR THE BATTENBERGS.

The Boys Are All Doing First Rate, Thank You, Just at This Writing.

Fortune is once more looking favorably upon the Battenbergs. A movement is afoot in Bulgaria to place Prince Joseph upon the throne occupied for a few brief years by his gifted brother Alexander, and as the present ruler is rapidly losing his popularity, which was never great, the change is not at all improbable. Joseph's brother Henry, the husband of Princess Beatrice, has been again received into high favor by his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, whom he had offended by fancied slights upon her daughter.

Today we learn that the British admiralty has adopted an invention by Prince Louis Battenberg, who is an officer in the royal navy. Last year, as recorded in The Sun, he devised a new semaphore for signaling aboard ship, which, however, did not turn out to be of much practical use. His second invention, described as a course indicator, has had a better fate. The admiralty, as the result of exhaustive trials, has ordered that the flagships, battleships and cruisers be fitted with it. Many experienced naval officers reported adversely upon this course indicator on the ground that it was calculated to engender carelessness among navigating officers, but the prince's influence naturally prevailed.—New York Sun's European Letter.

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